

WHAT HE

By COLONEL LAWLEY.

VS. Peter-

al again.

that's a

ly see me

aved from

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

what he

Tunes.—Oh, what battles I've been in
(B.J. 5); Then on, Salvation Sol-
diers (B.J. 165).

5 David, with a stone and sling,
Trusting in his God and King,
Brought the giant to the ground
without delay.
Poor Goliath must be dead—
David's cutting off his head,
While his army turn their backs and
run away.

Did not those three boys look glad
As for God they took their stand,
Never bowing, though the nation did
around?
After worlds have passed away,
On through one eternal day
At the right hand still standing they'll
be found.

Daniel knew of the decree,
"But," said he, "twon't frighten me."
You'll remember to the lions he was
given.
Hark! methinks I hear him sing,
"Sheltered 'neath my Father's wing,
I'm as happy here as if I were in
heaven."

What a sight that must have been,
Could the angels we have seen,
Waking Peter, who soon opened wide
his eyes;
Now they pass the iron gate—
See, the keepers wake too late—
All the countryside was taken by sur-
prise.

See the jail at Philippi,
What a crash, the inmates cry,
Shaking till the very walls themselves
are riven.
Fetters fell upon the floor,
While the Lord unlocked the door,
And the jailor cries aloud to be for-
given.

COMING EVENTS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE AND
MAJOR BURDITT
Will visit the Temple from Friday,
Nov. 7, to Monday, Dec. 1.

East Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER TURNER

Will visit Quebec, Sat., Nov. 22, to
Mon., Dec. 1; Montreal L., Dec. 2;
French Corps, Sun., Dec. 14; Montreal
L., Tues., Dec. 16; Montreal L., Sun.,
Mon., Dec. 21, 22; Brockville, Tues.,
Dec. 23; Peterboro, Sat., Dec. 27, to
Wed., Dec. 31.

ERAL

ny, November 28th.

the Chair.

day and Monday,
nber 1st.

General will preach three times
he Past, Present and Future of
Manitoba, in the Chair.

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

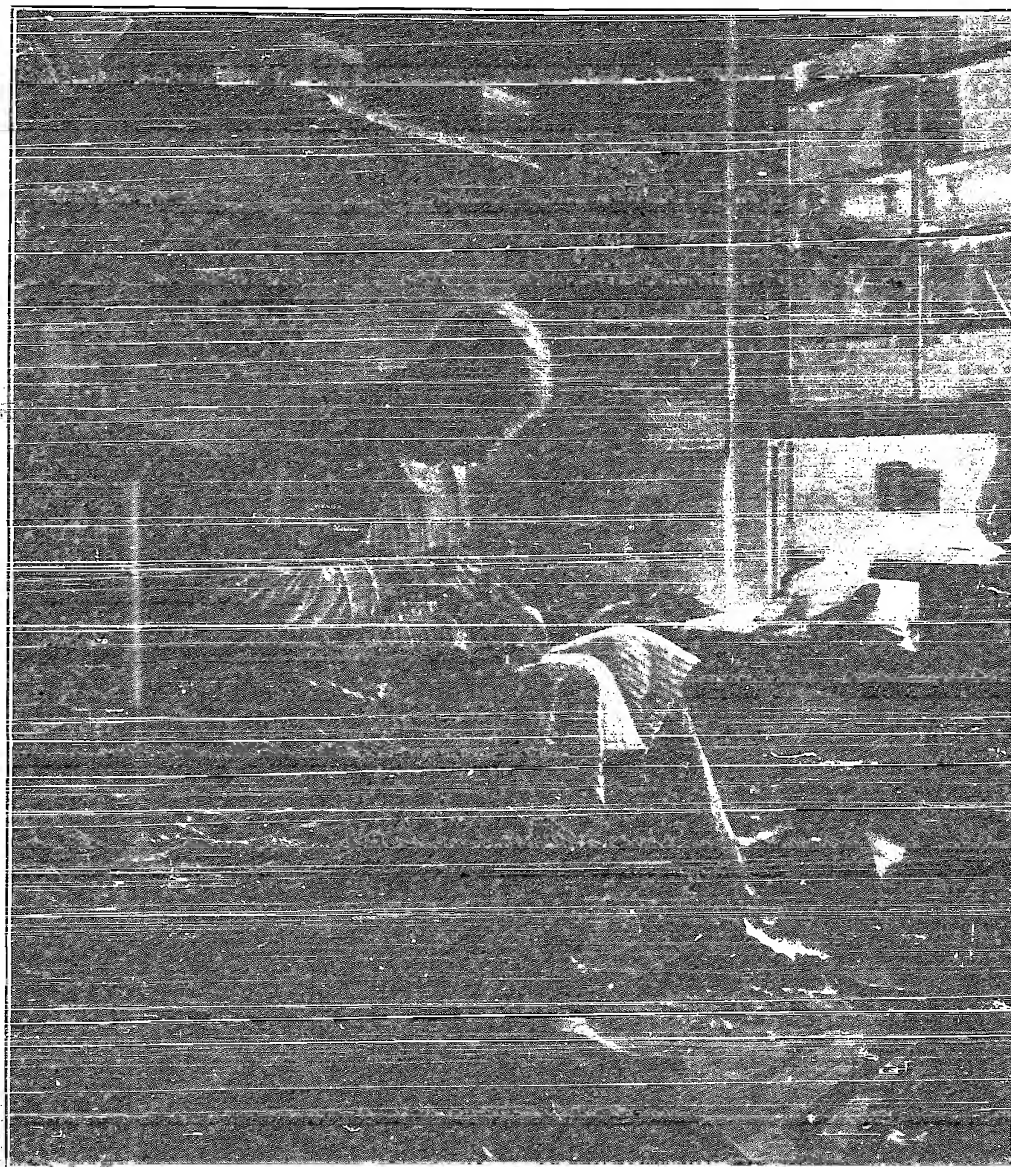
19th Year, No. 10.

WILLIAM BOOTH
General

TORONTO, DECEMBER 6, 1902.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

(See article on page 4.)

for Service

MINNIE MRS. READ.
(Continued.)

...ance in ourselves
... that cripples the
... children. What
... are unavailing
... the cross offences
... The difference be-
... and Paul was that
... and Paul was
... powerful power of the
... and desired to send
... message to His peo-
... "I am a child."
... "I can do all
... Paul was baptised
... It is not con-
... al ability or educa-
... more richly endowed
... is more efficient and
... ants may be. Paul
... ever, and eloquent,
... ve that as the reas-
... ings through Christ
... me."
... bestows this cour-
... consume those who
... with a passion
... or others that they
... and their own
... in their desire to be
... ing to others. The
... ch is an example of
... the crowded church
... and was pastor, at
... to Spirit, she poured
... ing truths upon the
... mpled. This act of
... part meant the open-
... usefulness to those
... who today occupy
... upon the platform
... Army throughout the
... in humanity.

... says: "The reason
... such faith for meet-
... the Divinity in
... under the illumina-
... y Spirit, see be-
... exterior, the soul for
... depraved and mar-
... true, but an immortal
... here is a perfect re-
... s we have limitless
... of men through
... believe His atone-
... remedy. His blood
... we shall fail in
... success which is our
... redeemed, converted
... in Christ Jesus—"Ye
... g."

... while in New York
... nautical Conference
... us, I had the privi-
... he venerable, silver-
... tell the wonderful
... on work in the New
... forty years ago he
... the Sea Islands and
... ard of the cross
... hat tribes there, the
... has since, proved a
... n. As he told his
... t of the changing of
... death lives by the
... climax was reached
... trembling hand upon
... claimed, "What else
... ght such a change?
... blessed Gospel of the
... st." Oh, for an un-
... ce in the transforma-
... for the human race.
... in service makes life
... This confidence
... to go to the slums,
... e inebriate, the crim-
... d old story of deliver-
... through Christ.

... insurance.
... meet with exen-
... ances met by those
... enjoy this blessing
... that redemption and
... rances to the recep-
... tion. Madam Guyon
... d a thousand other
... "What a blind mis-
... ture kneel beside the
... it long since a social
... and receive the
... Others object, "My
... d mind precludes me

from knowing simply and accepting experimentally this ministry of the Spirit." Another mistake, Charles Finney was a giant intellectually, and few preachers of modern times have more fully possessed, or been more used, by the Holy Spirit, than he. Others tell us, "This gift is only for the brilliant and clever." No, no! a thousand times no! God has no spiritual aristocracy.

Have not those who have labored as officers in the Salvation Army, and other missions, seen the poor victim of inebriety saved and endowed with such power that, though he could not put together three sentences grammatically or consecutively, he could speak words that burned like living coals into the hearts of his hearers, the truths of redemption's great purpose? In fact, reverting to my own personal experience, it was the simple testimony of a young inexperienced girl, who herself enjoyed this gift, that opened my eyes as by a flash of divine electricity to the truth of the doctrine and the possibility of enjoying this ladwelling power.

The Conditions.

Have you, dear reader, received this anointing? Or in the depths of your innermost consciousness is there a hungering and thirsting after the "higher life" of blessed, useful service? Have you been disappointed by the failure of your Christian life? Have your efforts to help others been futile? Do you feel that your life is below the standard set up in the apostles' feet, there to receive his equipment for service. If you follow his example and make this surrender of yourself, your life will be "good, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," your words will be powerful and spiritual riches beyond will be your portion.

"At length, surrendered to Thy call, I scarcely knew then what I gave; I cannot now know all I have, But I have Christ, and He is ALL."

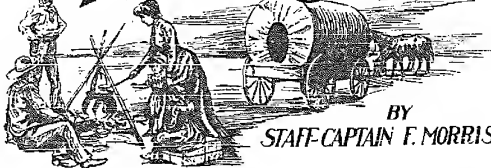
SALVATION ARMY STREET CLEANING.

A new service has been found by the Salvation Army. An exchange informs that that out in the Western States it is engaged in street cleaning. "Besides cleaning the streets morally to some extent, the Army in several Western cities has taken up plain street cleaning, and not only does it well, but makes a profit out of it. Mayor Hugo, of Duluth, made a formal proposal to the Army that it should undertake the whole work of keeping the city clean, using the unemployed to do the work, and taking its profit out of the sale of rags, paper and street sweepings. The proposal will probably be accepted. In Chicago the Army has been collecting the city's rags, waste paper and junk for some time. Last year the women of the Chicago branch gathered up 750 tons of paper, 50,000 pounds of rags and 5,000 pounds of string, and sold the lot for a good price. Many homeless waifs are employed in this work, and, while coming under the influence of the Army, thus get a chance to earn their food and lodging."—Huron Examiner, Oct. 31.

POWERFUL PREACHING.

The late Dr. Dashiell was fond of telling the following story on himself: Preaching on one occasion at his old home, an old colored man who had taken care of him when he was a child was delighted with the sermon. At the close of the service he shook the doctor warmly by the hand, and said: "Larry, you's a good preacher. I tell you, you's a soundin' brass and tinklin' cymbal." Of the same sort was the colored woman's compliment to the cultured and affable Bishop Galloway. She said: "Brother Galloway always do preach a powerful good text."

THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER



BY
STAFF CAPTAIN F. MORRIS

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ARMY OPEN-AIR.

—E— was only a little Army Corps, and the officers seldom marched out with more than a dozen soldiers, oftentimes less. On special occasions they were known to muster as many as twenty-five, but this was a very extraordinary occurrence. In speaking to the Captain, he described the faithful few who helped him lift high the blood-stained banner as being as near perfection as he had seen the creatures of this earth. They were, on the whole, men and women of heart and brain, who could well give a reason of the hope they found within them to the crowds who would flock in great numbers around the open-air ring night after night. But the fighting was hard, and taking the saying as true that it is not easy to win sinners to Christ anywhere, it did certainly seem to be doubly hard to get anyone saved in E—. But one decided advantage was that there were few backsliders, still less hypocrites, and though some of the Jews that were mined required hard digging out of the mire of sin, they were well worth the effort.

It thus came about on an October evening, while the group of devoted Salvationists were conducting an open-air in front of a notorious saloon, that Jim heard some sweet singing, and, being fond of music, stopped to listen. A young woman in a Salvation Army bonnet sang out clearly on the night air:

Afar from Heaven thy feet have wandered,
After from God thy soul has strayed;
His gifts in sin thy hand has squandered.

Yet still in love He calls thee home.

Jim drank in those words as thirstily as the scorched sands of a desert might drink in a shower of rain. Ah! he thought to himself, that's me! Could anyone be farther away from God than I? The chorus, taken up heartily by that little band of the blood-washed, made a still greater impression upon his heart. The tune was delightful, but the words could be distinctly heard, and the notes seemed to come from the very souls of the singers:

"God is near thee, tell thy story,
He will hear thy tale of sorrow;
God is near thee, and in mercy
He will welcome thy return."

The chorus was sung over several times, and at its conclusion two large tears stole their way down the face of Jim, and he wished he knew how to tell out the sorrow of his sin-polluted heart.

The watchful eye of the Lieutenant had noticed this anxious and tear-stained face, and in a moment was by his side, pointing him to Calvary. Jim did not need much persuading; the singing had touched him, and he was too willing to get rid of the awful burden which hung upon his soul. Clumsily he walked to the centre of the ring and knelt at the drumhead, crying, in the same repentant spirit as did the publican of old, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" Jim had no long prayer to offer, but what he did say to God came from his heart, and we have no reason to say that his cry for deliverance was not heard.

Let us stop and picture this scene before our eyes for a moment. Amid the blaze of light of a score of taverns running together in one straight line, a sea of humanity thronging the sidewalks and a dense crowd around the open-air ring, this soul, unheeding the din of the multitude and the sounds of music floating through the saloon doors, found Christ as surely as if he had knelt before the altar in some large cathedral.



"Amid the blaze of light of a score of taverns . . . his soul found Christ."

CHAPTER XV.—(Conclusion.)

If this was the only case that had been won to a path of purity and happiness through the Salvation Army in that Western city, could you say that its efforts were in vain? And yet it is only one case out of the many that have been brought in the fold of Christ by the members of the Salvation Army, following the commands of the Master by going out into the highways and hedges and compelling sinners to come in.

(The End.)

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

(Reprinted by request.)

Is it nothing to you—
All ye that pass by—
Is it nothing to you
That the drunkard should die?
Is it nothing to you
That his struggles are vain?
That daily the tempter
Adds strength to his chain?
Is it nothing to you
That the heart of his wife
Is broken by sorrow
And hardship and strife?
Is it nothing to you
That his children's neck break?
Is it nothing to you
That his home joys are fled?

Is it nothing to you
That the death-dealing howl
Is destroying his body,
His mind and his soul?
Is it nothing to you
That the young of our land
Are surrounded by dangers
On every hand?

Is it something to you;
For aught that you know
Your boy may be next.
To succumb to the foe.
'Tis something to you,
For you know not the hour
When one whom you love
May fall 'neath the power

Of the serpent that coils
In the depths of the howl,
Soon, soon to be crushed
In its hideous fold.
Then up arise and do,
Lest deeply you rue,
That ever you thought
It was nothing to you.

Bermuda Benedicts.

One of the interesting affairs that everyone likes to attend and take part in took place in the Hamilton barracks on Thursday, Oct. 30th, when our worthy Secretary, E. B. Sneyer, Scouries and ex-Capt. Florence Smith, of the United States field, were united in matrimony under the good old Army colors. A good crowd had come along to see our comrades join the order of benedicts and wish them God-speed on the new pathway. After a lively testimony meeting, the bride and groom entered, amid evident signs of good feeling and hilarity. Sergeant Major and Mrs. Smith sang a nuptial song, followed by a few speeches, and then a solo, "Through the beautiful gates and golden," by Capt. Prince, the best woman.

Adj. Hunter, whom we were all glad to see, and who seems to be feeling quite a bit better, read the twenty-third Psalm, after which Adj. Creighton, the D. O., read the Army Articles of Marriage, and the couple stood forward, faced by Dr. Burrows, the Presbyterian minister. The covenant having been entered into to the satisfaction of all concerned, "he ring was, after a struggle, affixed in the proper place and the salute given, and Florence Smith became Mrs. Scouries. After a few words by the Secretary and his newly-acquired wife and the signing of registers—a trying process—the good-natured wedding crowd dispersed until the next special effort in this direction, which rumors say will not be long.—C. Stone, R.C.

THE SOLDIERS' SECTION

Daily Readings

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—Matt. xxv. 21. Let us imagine that the end of the world has come. The dead in Christ have risen from their graves. See this one in whom the Saviour is glorified in the day of His appearing! From his earliest years he has been kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. The Spirit of God has led him, and he has been kept from falling away from his own and his fathers' God. In the day of weakness he made the Lord his strength in the hour of danger he trusted in the Lord's protection. Not ashamed to confess Him before men, he took up his cross, and amidst the coldness of friends and the ridicule of foes he followed the footsteps of his Saviour. He fought the good fight, and now is to have the reward. His Master's voice says, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Henceforth there is for him the crown of righteousness, the joy of the redeemed, the company of the saints. He overcame on earth by the blood of the Lamb, and forever in heaven the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall lead him, and God shall wipe away all tears from his eyes.

The Lord saith, "For them that honor me, I will honor."—1 Sam. ii. 30. Artabanus, one of the military officers of the Athenians, was appointed to a certain great man who desired an audience of the king. He was told that before it was granted he must prostrate himself before him, for it was the custom of the country for the king to admit no one to his presence who would not fall down and worship him. That which was an arrogant assumption in an earthly king is a proper condition of our approach to the King of Kings. We must first bow before Him, for until we do so we cannot expect to receive anything from Him.

"Yea, a man may say, thou hast faith and I have works."—TUESDAY. show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works."—James ii. 18. At a recent Sunday night's meeting of a certain corps, a young woman stood outside the open-air ring. She was much interested in what she saw and heard, so she followed the procession to the barracks to learn more of the Army, about which she had previously known but little. She went again and again to the barracks, and was soon under deep conviction.

One night, after a desperate struggle, she surrendered her all to Christ. Feeling that God called her to work for Him, she began by reading her Bible with her fellow-servants; and so much was this effort blessed that on the following Sunday one of her fellow-servants accompanied her to the meeting and, to the surprise of her friend, publicly testified that the Bible readings referred to had been the means of her conversion. Our sister has since been sworn in as a soldier of the local Corps, and is now a blood-and-fire Salvationist.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Phil. iii. 14. There is an old story of a fisherman who habitually drank to excess. He used to sail from a small cove on the Society coast to the fishing grounds, several miles out in the ocean. There was no lighthouse to

guide him, not even a beacon light, and the channel was intricate. When the fishermen had taken a drop too much and night had fallen it was dangerous work entering the cove.

His little son used to watch for his father's coming, and as soon as he saw him he would run down to the point and cry out: "Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home." The boy died, and one evening the father was sitting at his lonely fireside. His conscience troubled him, for he had been thinking over the sins of his life. As the night settled down he thought he heard the voice of his boy ring out through the darkness: "Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home."

Springing to his feet, he called out: "You're right this time, my son." From that moment he was a changed man; he gave his heart to God and served Him until he was taken to heaven to join his little son.

Let us, as soldiers, steer straight for heaven, not turning either to the right or the left.

"Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—James v. 20. I can imagine a selfish Christian entering yonder gates. He is met and asked, "Where are your dear ones?" "Where are your friends?" "Where are the lost you have found and brought to the Saviour's feet?" "Where are the stars for your crown?" "Alas!" he would answer, "I am saved alone." God help us not only to save ourselves, but others also.

"That the trial of your faith, being more precious than of gold tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and

glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—1 Peter. i. 7.

A Roman emperor seized a Christian because of his faith. Someone came to him and asked:

"What do you intend doing with him?"

"I do not know yet," replied the emperor. "I have thought of banishing him."

"You can do that, but it does not make any difference to him; wherever he is, he considers himself as a pilgrim and a stranger."

"I have thought also of keeping him in prison."

"You can never imprison his spirit; it is always free."

"I may take away his possessions."

"Oh, he will reckon it a joy to be robbed of his possessions for Jesus' sake."

"I have also thought of taking his life from him."

(Lively)—"Oh, whatever you do, don't do that, for you would send him where he has long been desiring to go—to his Jesus! There is only one thing which, if you could succeed, would be a punishment—if you could induce him to sin."

"To Me belongeth vengeance and recompense."—Deut. xxxii. 35. Salvation

Army soldiers were holding an open-air near a saloon in the United States, when a saloon-keeper and son rushed out while the Captain was on his knees praying, brutally kicking him, so that he lay ill for weeks. Friends wished to take out a summons, but the Captain refused to prosecute, preferring to leave the matter in the hands of God. Within two months both father and son were dead and the saloon closed. It is dangerous to trifle with God's mercy—worse still to fight against Him.

Evolution of the Salvation Army

CANADA.—(Continued.)

Surely it is not difficult for you to trace in this commencement the hand of God. Who but a God-inspired man, fitted with the same Spirit as his Master, would ever think of commencing salvation work in this fashion? and who but a man continually inspired and led on by that Spirit, would in spite of every opposing force have so tenaciously held on during these thirty-seven years, until thousands, nay, tens of thousands, imbued with the same Spirit, have gone forth on the same lines until now the Army, by the power of God, has well-nigh circled the earth?

It would take the pen of an angel to describe what the sufferings, even in fair Canada, have been through it all, and that angel, while writing, might even dip his pen in the blood that has been spilt by our faithful and while they have been going forth on this God-directed mission: As for myself, I am at a loss to describe it.

Yet they boldly went forth braving

every difficulty, combatting every insult and with love speaking to those who did their utmost to annoy. Many a time, when these salvation apostles were interrupted, spit upon and beaten, the persecutors were met with a loving "God bless you, we shall pray for you," and often those words pierced the soul of the persecutor, who ever after became a warm friend, and eventually became converted, and one of the best and happiest soldiers, and in turn stood his share of persecution that came to the lot especially of early Salvationists.

You may ask, "How were they able to stand to be ill-used and persecuted in this way?" Every true soldier counts the cost before he starts for the battle. He knows full well what he may expect, he is quite confident if he lifts up a bold standard against sin, the devil will attack him, but with confidence in his God, on he goes, tramp, tramp, through the streets, lanes, alleys, and slums, crying out the glad tidings of salvation night after night, braving the

Storms of Abuse and Criticism

which are heaped upon him on every hand in order that he may help save those who are in the same terrible condition he was in not long ago. He has been rescued. He knows the value of it, and constrained by the love of his Lord, away he goes seeking others, and does he find them? Yes, yes, by the score; they hear his message, they know the change made in him, they believe what he says, enquire for themselves, and very soon after the enquiry find their way into the fold and are accepted of our beloved.

How can we help but rejoice for what God has accomplished? Has He not kept the General on these lines and led him out to do more desperate things still for His glory? And is he not continually showing us that He approves of our work by saving hundreds of men and women of the very vilest class, and are they not with us to this day fighting in our ranks and helping us save others? Yes, thank God, by hundreds—yes, by thousands. And still, after all, there are those who would stop us in our work, who would have us curtailed, or, as they say, be a little moderate, do things decently and in order, which often means fire your shots and hit nobody. But it is really marvellous how well the people have come to understand the Salvation Army, especially on this continent. Severe criticism is almost a thing of the past. During the whole of the General's visit to Canada not one unfavorable report of himself or his meetings has appeared in the press. The Army is better understood, but it was not always so, and our present position in this Dominion gives us cause for loud thanksgiving to God.

There are some sportsmen who can afford to use powder and shot and see nothing in return for it; but here is a poor man, his wife and children are hungry, he is hungry himself, his first business is to find out where the game is, and then, with all care, he takes his aim, brings down the game and takes it home to satisfy hunger. Whatever may be the position of those who find fault, one thing is sure concerning the Salvation Army. We are filled with an intense longing for souls, even as the poor man referred to longed for food, and nothing short of pulling them out of the fire will satisfy. First, we must go where the poor dying lost ones are, find them out, visit their haunts, and then, with Gospel powder and shot, take our aim, bring them down at the feet of Jesus, so that we can rejoice together over the dead being brought to life and the lost found.

The General's story of the recommendation he received some years ago, on account of the delicate state of his health, to settle down in a quiet spot where he could find some "good shooting and good fishing," and how he had found a place where both are of the very finest, brought forcibly to our hearts the vast opportunities for good there are in the ranks of the Salvation Army. It was certainly an illustration of the opportunities within the grasp of the Salvation Army on this line, which we appreciated.

There need be no wonder at our street preaching and parades, when you remember

The Salvation Army Was Born in the Open Air.

Aye, and thousands of our leaders and soldiers first began in the open air to think about their soul's salvation. So you see, when we go, it is like visiting one's birthplace; and what man, if he is a good man, and has done nothing to disgrace himself, does not like to visit the place of his birth?

"Despite the talk of money and methods, there is really but one direct way of propagating the Gospel and that is by personal influence of souls saved."

The General's Prayer

NO. 5.—WHY PRAY?—(Contd.)

My Dear Comrades,—

I did not say my last word in answer to the question, "Should I Pray?" Let me repeat words to you on the subject point where we broke off, which will remember, was when showing that God had been pleased to pray a means by which He blessings on His people, and was not for us to object, much rebel, against His arrangements cheerfully and gratefully to obey.

But a little thought will lead to discover other reasons why made prayer a means by which we can get the help He sees need. He can impart the assistance we desire to give.

1. Prayer is useful because it leads to impress the soul with its own dependence on God.

One of the dangers to which constantly exposed in this life of forgetting God; that is, of not working, and even going a form of religious work, as there is no God.

Now, one of the first things does is to make us realize the existence of God, and to feel dependence on Him. That really a great help and blessing in our lives.

2. Then, prayer is favourable exercise of all those duties which to do with our own peace and the salvation of those around us.

When a Soldier prays that keep him safe and supply his needs and save his family, and make successful in winning souls, thus must come up in his "Am I doing what I can to



A Salvation Army School in India for Famine Children.



The General's Letters

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.



PRAYER.

NO. 5.—WHY PRAY?—(Continued.)

My Dear Comrades,—

I did not say my last word last week in answer to the question, "Why Should I Pray?" Let me resume my words to you on the subject at the point where we broke off, which, you will remember, was when showing you that God had been pleased to make prayer a means by which He bestows blessings on His people, and that it was not for us to object, much less to rebel, against His arrangement, but cheerfully and gratefully to obey.

But a little thought will enable us to discover other reasons why God has made prayer a means by which we can get the help He sees we need, and He can impart the assistance He desires to give.

1. Prayer is useful because calculated to impress the soul with a sense of its own dependence on God.

One of the dangers to which we are constantly exposed in this life is that of forgetting God; that is, of living, and working, and even going through a form of religious work, as though there is no God.

Now, one of the first things prayer does is to make us realize the actual existence of God, and to feel our dependence on Him. That realization is a great help and blessing in our lives.

2. Then, prayer is favorable to the exercise of all those duties which have to do with our own peace and holiness and the salvation of those around us.

When a Soldier prays that God will

keep him safe and supply his needs,

and save his family, and make him

successful in winning souls, the ques-

tions must come up in his heart:

"Am I doing what I can to bring

these things about? Am I resisting temptation, living consistently, and doing all I can for those I desire to be saved?" And as it must be a good thing to be urged forward in the discharge of such duties, it must be a good thing to pray.

3. Again, prayer is calculated to lead us to value at their true worth the blessings prayed for when they are received. It must be a reasonable thing that we should set some store by the blessings He gives us. That which costs us nothing is often little prized; but when we have had a hard struggle, or paid a heavy price for a thing, we are likely to set some store by it, and to make the best use we can of it. Does not this rule apply to prayer?

4. Prayer promotes a sense of gratitude in the soul for the blessings received. What we have earnestly sought for with great desire and persevering faith we are very likely to feel truly thankful to God for giving us when we receive it; and grateful people are generally happy people.

5. By prayer we have a share in the reward that comes through God working by us.

6. God has ordained that we shall pray, because prayer affords the most convenient opportunity, and is the easiest method of communion with Himself. He wants to come into the closest association with His people. He finds pleasure in fellowship with holy men and women. He has always been striving to meet with man from the days of Adam, Enoch, Abraham and Moses. The Lord Jesus Christ manifested the same desire when He was here on the earth. Genuine prayer includes all the elements of this communion, or, as we sometimes call it, "fellowship" with God. Communion with God is precious. You can never find out how really

valuable it is till you experience it for yourself.

It is useful. Nothing so quickly sharpens men's minds, and cultivates their powers of heart and will, as fellowship with God. It does for a man what the sun does for the corn.

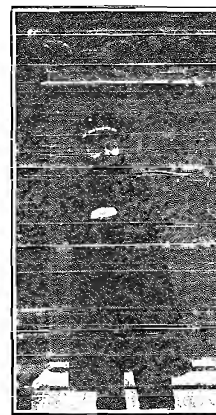
It is delightful. There is no happiness greater than being in the company of those we most love, and it is just so with God; if we love Him, communion with Him will be delightful to us.

To commune with Nature, with all her wonders of flowers, trees, mountains, rivers and seas; with her living creatures, the beautiful animals that roam over the earth, the sweet singing birds that fill the air with their praise—that is a great delight.

To commune with men, men of mind and thought, who have searched out the mysteries of things; to commune with holy men, men who are like God, who live the life of humble prayer and faith; to commune with useful men—men who have done something to benefit their fellows, to make the world better and happier, that is a wonderful privilege; but in prayer we commune with the great God; we talk to Him, we think about Him, we feel with Him, we sympathize with Him, and rejoice in Him who is Nature's King and the great Maker of men.

Prayer is the easiest form of communion. It is possible to all men at all times; the doors of His temple are ever open; His eyes are ever looking for us to draw near, and His ear is ever open to our cry.

7. Prayer is appropriate to all seasons and all places. I remember hearing, many years ago, of a young chimney-sweep who got converted, but who had an infidel master who would not let him bring his religion into the house, and contrived to prevent his having any place in which to pray. Those were the days in which the sweeps were obliged to climb up the chimneys in order to sweep them, and at last the dear lad found his place



Colonel Lawley,

whose smile our sub. caught in the Editorial Camera. The Colonel is standing outside the main entrance of the Temple, Toronto.

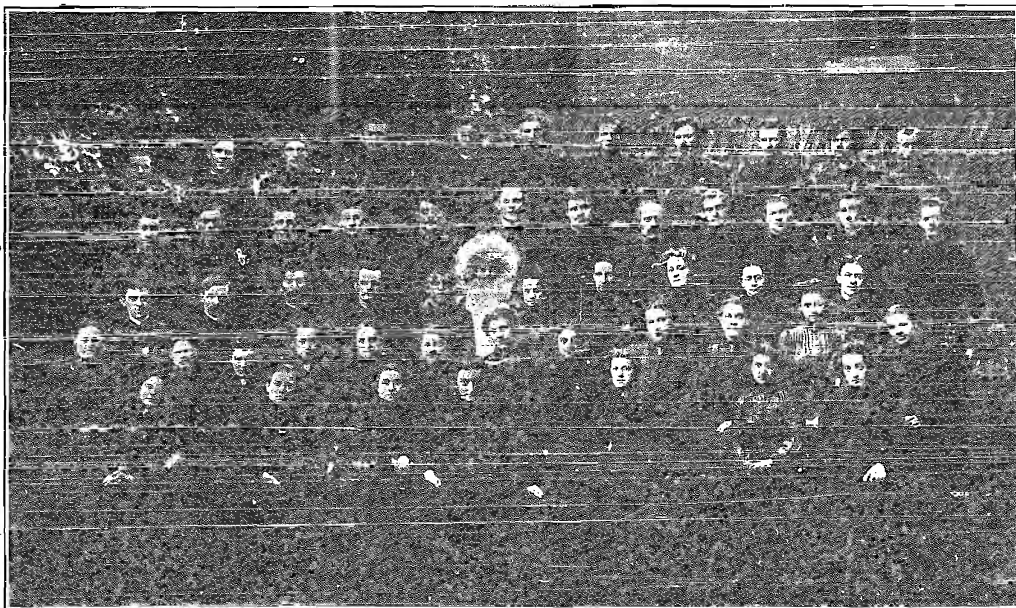
of prayer when he climbed up through the big chimney pots. His master could not reach him up there, and there was nothing between him and God's blue sky.

Well, you may not have to go up the chimney to pray, but remember that in any place you can pray, cry to God, and He will hear.

8. And it is one of the most beautiful things about prayer that it is good and proper under all circumstances. Indeed, the Saviour said, "Men ought always to pray," and Paul told us to "pray without ceasing."

In health, never neglect to pray. In sickness, prayer will be a consolation; it is a strength in suffering, a joy in pain.

When dying, prayer will bring the angels of God to your chamber, sustain and comfort those you leave behind, help you to triumph in the cold waters of Jordan, and bring you, in joy, to see your Heavenly Father's face at last.



Cadets of the Second Session of the Central Territorial Training Home.

ON

Abuse and Criticism

aped upon him on every point that he may help save us in the same terrible way in not long ago. He could. He knows the way. He is constrained by the love away he goes seeking for us. He is not a man of words; they bear his mark. He is not a man of words; they bear his mark. He is not a man of words; they bear his mark.

we help but rejoice for

accomplished? Has He

General on these lines

to do more desperate

in His glory? And is He

ly showing us that He

our work by saving him-

self and women of the very

and are they not with us

lighting in our ranks and

ave others? Yes, thank

He—yes, by thousands

or it all, there are those

top us in our work, who

us curtailed, or, as they

little moderate, do things

in order, which often

our shots and his rebuffs.

ly marvelous how we've

ave come to understand

Army, especially on

st. Severe criticism is

ing of the past. During

of the General's visit to

one unfavorable report of

a meeting has appeared.

The Army is better un-

it was not always so.

position in this de-

us cause for food

to God.

some sportsman who can

powder and shot and see

turn for it; but here is

his wife and children are

hungry himself, his first

o find out where the

then, with all care, he

l, brings down the game

home to satisfy hunger.

He says he has no fault

of fault, one thing is sure

the Salvation Army, we

h an intense longing for

the poor man referred

food, and nothing short

em out of the fire will

l, we must go where the

most ones are, find them

r haunts, and then, with

r and shot, take our aim.

own at the feet of Jesus.

rejoice together over

ever brought to life; and

l's story of the recom-

received some years

of the delicate state

to settle down in a

ere he could find some

g and good fishing," and

ound a place where both

very finest, brought for-

the vast earth the vast opportu-

there are in the ranks

lon Army. I was cer-

stration of the opportu-

is grasp of the Salvation

line, which we appreci-

be no wonder at our

ing and parades, when

on Army Was Born in

the Open Air.

ousands of our leaders

first began in the open

about their soul's salva-

see, when we go, it is

ance's birthplace; and

he is a good man and

lud to disgrace himself,

to visit the place of his

talk of money and

is really but one di-

propagating the Gospel

personal influence of



PRINTED BY Evangelist Booth, Commissionaire, of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the West Indies, Guyana, Surinam, and Guyana, by John M. C. Horn, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 41 Albert Street, Toronto.

All communications relating to the contents of the WAR CRY should be addressed to THE EDITOR, WAR CRY, 41 Albert Street, Toronto. All communications on matters relating to subscriptions, donations and change of address, should be addressed to THE TREASURER, WAR CRY, 41 Albert Street, Toronto. All cheques, P.O. and Express Orders should be made payable to EVANGELIST BOOTH.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

GAZETTE.

Appointments—

ENISON WILKINS, of Grand Forks, to Nelson, B.C.

ADJUT. BLACKBURN, of Nelson, B.C., to Great Falls.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissionaire.



Christmas Cheer for the Poor.

Again the greatest of all children's dreams is rapidly awaiting realization—Christmas is at our very threshold. Countless little brains are concentrating their thoughts upon the best selection of gifts to ask of Santa Claus, or puzzle their wits to guess what he will bring, while with every dawn they count one there should be a percentage of little ones to whom the sweet word of Christmas means nothing, or if it is understood only causes a bitter feeling of disappointment, knowing that there will be no visit of Santa Claus to their home. Then again, in spite of the general prosperity which our country generally enjoys, there are yet many men and women whose home, if indeed their abode could be called by that sacred name, is the haunt of poverty and want. People who are personally benefited by business prosperity cannot understand that a class of wretched and poor exist until they are brought face to face with some pitiful case which shocks them to the foundation of their soul, and converts them with one stroke into philanthropists—for a day, then the impressions are again worn off and are buried in the rush of personal work and problems.

The Salvation Army has, from year to year, extended its work among the poor, and especially thought it to be a great object lesson to provide Christmas dinners to the poor, and so by a tangible benefit, most appreciated by the hungry, show them the practical good will of the followers of Christ towards their more unfortunate fellow-beings. A good Christmas dinner cheerfully given to a family is a more forcible argument in favor of Christianity than a year of preaching.

This year, in many cities, our officers will arrange to provide treats to poor children and deserving adults, in the way of free dinners and entertainments, gifts of underwear, warm clothing, mittens, toys, etc. In Toronto Miss Booth will personally superintend this work. It is her desire to supply baskets full of food and provisions to poor families on Christmas Eve, sufficient to benefit about one thousand persons, and also to give a free dinner during Christmas week to 500 of the poorest children, who will also receive a parcel of clothing, etc.,

The General at Minneapolis.

Multitudes Flock to Hear Our Veteran Leader—Meetings Immensely Appreciated—Seventy-nine Souls Sought and Found Christ.

(By Wire.)

Marvelous were the multitudes that flocked to hear our honored General in Minneapolis yesterday (Sunday).

The massive Swedish Tabernacle, with its 2,700 seats, could not contain by thousands the people who sought, and almost fought, for admission through its wide portals at each meeting. Indeed, at night the house was gorged long before the time for commencement.

The multitudes were simply tremendous, and so anxious were they to get, if possible, only a sight of the man who had captured the attention of the American press and people, that it was with the greatest difficulty that we kept the concourse under control. As for the General, he was equal to the task, and from morning until night his soul poured out Divine eloquence upon the masses. The prayer meetings were times of severe struggle, but the "will-notist-There-go spirit" prevailed, and seventy-nine were pulled out of the fire.

The Consul and Staff, with officers and soldiers, worked heroically and have their reward. Glad to say the General is fairly well, and in this respect your faith is honored, your prayers are answered, and God glorified. Colonel Lawley.

New Barracks at the Soo.

(By Wire.)

The services in connection with the opening of the barracks were successfully conducted by Brigadier Pickering. Good crowds were present. The income was eighty dollars. Brigadier was listened to with great interest. Four at the mercy seat; new converts were on the march and fighting in the larger meetings. Great conviction and splendid prospects for the future of the corps. Adjut. Sims ably assisted. Our faces are set to go forward and win for Jesus.—Froggie.

COMING!

COMING!

The Christmas War Cry!

As Big as Ever! 36 Pages! Full of a Great Variety of Interesting Reading! Well Illustrated! A Fine Supplement, Bigger than any Given in Former Years.

A BEAUTY IN EVERY SENSE.

10 CENTS.

Temple Campaign.

120 Souls for Pardon and Purity—Great Enrolment of Thirty-Five Recruits on Monday Night.

(Special.)

To say that our campaign has been a success is putting it mildly, as the following figures will show, if figures are any criterion:

Open-Air Attendance	1,013
Inside Attendance	4,200
Enrolled as Recruits	35
Finances	\$150.00

The Chief Secretary's meetings on Sunday and Monday were marvelous for power and results, with forty-eight surrenders. The Colonel's addresses were of the most convincing character and were delivered in real blood-and-fire style.

Major Stanyon and the Cadets rendered excellent service, as did also the Lager St. band on Monday night. The enrolment was a sight, as the long row of converts stood under the flag.

Major Burditt and Capt. Urquhart proceed to Chatham and Windsor, while your humble servant's next battleground will be Winnipeg.—J. S. Pugmire.

Lieut.-Col. Sharp in Cape Breton.

(By Wire.)

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp's tour through Cape Breton has proved a huge success. Crowded buildings, grand cases of conversion, and finances "way up," was the order of the day. The Sydney weekend especially was a brilliant success—full house and five souls forward. Monday, at Glace Bay, a balalaika wedding packed the house to suffocation. Tuesday, at Dominion, we had a grand salvation meeting and seven souls. Wednesday, at Whitney Pier, a warm welcome was given to the Lieut.-Colonel by a packed house, and one soul found salvation. Thursday, at Sydney Mines, we had a real good time and two souls sought Christ.—Staff-Capt. McLean.

NONE BIGGER!

If you remove from the ten-cent magazines which flood our stores all advertisements, and if you fold up our Christmas War Cry in as small a size as the page of a magazine, you will find that the Christmas War Cry contains more reading matter, besides giving a splendid supplement free, and costs no more.

TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS.

The Commissioner left Toronto on the midnight train, Saturday, to meet the General in the far West, as full of spirit as ever for the salvation of the Territory. We caught a glimpse of her unusually thin face in the Union Depot which made itself evident that the pressure of work of late had not improved her physical condition. Yet it is remarkable the amount of vitality the Commissioner possesses, and we behold her oftentimes in sheer astonishment. Our comrades will continue to pray that the sustaining hand of God will remain upon our victorious Commissioner.

The Canadian Christmas Young Soldier will be printed in two colors, will be twice the usual size, on good paper, and sold at the usual price of one cent. It deserves a largely increased sale.

During the recent Annual Congress the Trade Department did more business by four hundred dollars than it has ever done in its history. The way our officers and soldiers patrolled our stores is highly commendable and the profits gained as a result will go to advance the Kingdom.

We are deeply regretting the unsatisfactory state of health which again has forced Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Head to temporary retirement. Only recently she again took charge of her duties as Secretary of the Women's Social Work, and for some time there seemed to be a fair promise of gradual recuperation, but her efforts evidently have been too exhausting, causing a somewhat serious relapse, and compelling cessation from work for the time being.

Major Archibald reports sixteen conversions in the Central Prison during the last two weeks.

An average of fifteen to twenty find situations per week through our Labor Bureau at Territorial Headquarters. Over eleven hundred men who were out of employment in Toronto were found situations during the last twelve months through the Salvation Army.

From the Department of Justice, at Ottawa, comes the request that the Army take an interest in the men out on parole, and use their influence and efforts to keep them out of saloons and various kinds of wickedness while under the eye of the Government.

Capt. Gamble, of Regina, is very ill with rheumatic fever, and is in need of our prayers.

Extensive alterations are taking place in the Quebec Shelter and barracks. Brigadier Turner is on the spot pushing through the improvements.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, with a smiling face, had good news to give us once more about the Klondike. "Why," said he, "the wood business has increased to such an extent that they have had to purchase an additional horse and sleigh, and things generally look hopeful."

The J.S. Manual is now in the press and will be ready shortly. There seems, in consequence, a great rush on in the General Secretary's Department.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE DRINK EVIL.

"It is too clear that the rapid extension of the system of saloon drinking is threatening the very life of the community; that it is producing a physical and moral pestilence more deadly than any other plague which stalks the infested cities of the East; that it is bringing great masses of our working classes into self-imposed bondage more complete and degrading than slavery itself."



Commander F. de L. Boon.

The General is more and more

CONNEAUT, OHIO. vats

wheels, and not a half hour day is left idle. The General discovered the secret of strength. He easily outdid in practical work upon the goes into public meetings, less towering dimensions comes back to the car, does goes to bed and sleeps in. As our train rumbled into little town of Conneaut, the figures of Colonel Holz and peared and beamed a come, as if to convince us mistakable westward travel.

Conneaut is an Ohio town 10,000 inhabitants—not a but possessing a number of stantial people of whom attended the General's Army has the good-will of town, one of the first ev which was soon discovered sonage of an obsequious po who tipped his hat to o General's staff.

The fact that the General lecture upon the lessons was a sufficiently powerful to bring out everybody of quence in town. The Op was filled to its last chair present was a friend, and ship was strengthened and as a result of the General's The chairman of the m Hon. A. M. Cox, annued ion of the General in the successive phrase, "He is a man," while the Episcopal scriber the visit as one of his life.

The chairman uttered in the SPEECH OF THE LANGU HON. A. M. COX, dies mon, fine meeting and a magni sion. We pay all honor to presence amongst us of a ed and illustrious man stands first and pre-mien battle of the world, in the of humanity and the niver hood of man. His missi where and his parish is. What he has done and he has raised will live the ages. I take great pleas and gentlemen, in introdu Booth, the founder and le Salvation Army."

The resultant cheers were endorsement of the audience chairman's every word. plause was renewed as he stepped to the front and thanks as a preliminary to lecture upon his life's work. The General's claim that deserved well of the peo on wonderfully with th The history of the loca its very inception carries burden of proof of the as remarkable spiritual reviv at the bombardment of the Salvation Army, the evidence of which are to day in the shape of a so formed and disciplined Co.

The personal appeal with General invariably closes was related beyond the o had circumstances favored form, there was little do effective work would have Yea, cannot we say that is anyhow? The General's aimed directly at the hearers, and there is no their successful judgment.

...er left Toronto on
...n, Saturday, to meet
...ho far West, as full
...for the salvation of
...e caught a glimpse of
...in face in the Union
...to itself evident that
...work of late had not
...ysical condition. Yet
...the amount of vitality
...or possesses, and we
...times in sheer autom-
...mates will continue
...a sustaining hand on
...our victorious

Christmas Young Sol-
...ed in two colors, will
...at a sale, on good paper,
...price of one cent.
...geously increased sale.

Annual Congress
...ment did more hun-
...dred dollars than it
...in its history. The
...and soldiers patron-
...highly commendable
...ained as a result will
...e Kingdom.

regretting the unsat-
...of health which ag-
...Colonel Mrs. Road
...tment. Only re-
...took charge of her
...ary of the Women's
...for some time there
...her promise of gradual
...her efforts evidently
...exhausting, causing a
...is reticent, and com-
...from work for the

...ald reports sixteen
...the Central Prison dur-
...weeks.

...fteen to twenty find
...ok through our Labor
...itorial Headquarters.
...dred men who were
...ent in Toronto were
...during the last twelve
...the Salvation Army.

...partment of Justice, at
...the request that the
...the interest in the
...se their influence and
...them out of saloons
...of wickedness while
...the Government.

...of Regina, is very
...fever, and is in
...ra.

...ations are taking
...Shelter and har-
...Turner is on the
...rough the improve

...Gaskin, with a smil-
...od news to give us
...the Klondike. "Why,"
...od business has in-
...an extent that they
...rease an additional
...and things generally

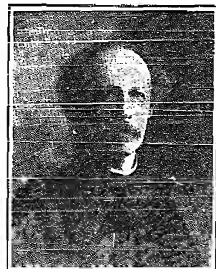
...is now in the press
...dy shortly. There
...ence, a great rush
...Secretary's Depart-

...LOWIN SMITH ON
...RINK EVIL

...that the rapid exten-
...of saloon drinking
...be very life of the
...it is producing a
...real pestilence more
...other plague which
...cities of the East;
...great masses of our
...into self-imposed
...plete and degrading
...it."

The General's American Advance.

Conneaut, Columbus, Detroit and Toledo Each have a Gala Night—
The Chicago Climax—Tremendous Crowds Throng the
Studebaker Theatre on Sunday and the Auditorium on
Monday—Chicago Ranks with the Best Records.



Commander F. de L. Booth-Tucker.

The General is more and more a marvel. His private car is a masterpiece of engineering, and not a half hour of the day is left idle. The General has discovered the secret of renewing his strength. He easily outdistances all in practical work upon the car by day, goes into public meetings of more or less towering dimensions at night, comes back to the car, does more work, goes to bed and sleeps like a child.

As our train rumbled into the little town of Conneaut the welcome figures of Colonel Holt and staff appeared and beamed a cordial welcome, as if to convince us of our un-mistakable westward travel.

Conneaut is an Ohio town of some 10,000 inhabitants—not aristocratic, but possessing a number of very substantial people, of whom the majority attended the General's lecture. The Army has the good will of the entire town, one of the first evidences of which was soon discovered in the personage of an obsequious police officer, who tipped his hat to one of the General's staff.

The fact that the General was to lecture upon the lessons of his life was a sufficiently powerful attraction to bring out everybody of any consequence in town. The Opera House was filled to its last chair. Everyone present was a friend, and their friendship was strengthened and intensified as a result of the General's lecture.

The chairman of the meeting, the Hon. A. M. Cox, summed up his opinion of the General in the brief but suggestive phrase, "He is a grand old man," while the Episcopal rector described the visit as one of the events of his life.

The chairman uttered his plaudits in the following SPEECH OF THE LANGUAGE: "LA-HON. A. M. COX, dies and gentleman—This is a fine meeting and a magnificent occasion. We pay all honor tonight to the presence amongst us of a distinguished and illustrious man—one who stands first and pre-eminent in the battle of the world, in the upbuilding of humanity and the universal brotherhood of man. His mission is everywhere and his parish is the world. What he has done and the structure he has raised will live through the ages. I take great pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, in introducing General Booth, the founder and leader of the Salvation Army."

The resultant cheers were the endorsement of the audience of the chairman's every word. The applause was renewed as the General stepped to the front and returned thanks as a preliminary to the great lecture upon his life's work.

The General's claim that the Army deserved well of the people caught on wonderfully with the audience. The history of the local Corps from its very inception carries with it the burden of proof of the assertion. A remarkable spiritual revival broke out at the bombardment of the town by the Salvation Army, the substantial evidence of which are to be seen today in the shape of a solid, well-uniformed and disciplined Corps.

The personal appeal with which the General invariably closes his lectures was relished beyond the ordinary, and had circumstances favored a pertinent form, there was little doubt that an effective work would have been done. Yes, cannot we say that it was done, anyhow? The General's shots were aimed directly at the hearts of his hearers, and there is no doubt as to their successful judgment.

At the lecture's close, Mr. Brown, a gentleman of local influence, proposed a vote of thanks in a choice worded speech that evoked great enthusiasm; this was seconded and carried by unanimous vote. The General's heartfelt reply, followed by a closing prayer and the benediction by Colonel Lawley, closed the proceedings, the influences of which will count for good for many long days to come, bearing with them a golden record of inspiration which will not suffer by comparison with that of any similar event that has transpired in the city.

In a meeting every point of which marked of excellence, it is a dir-ENTHUSIASM AT COLUMBUS, O. SCULPT thing to single out any one feature and elaborate upon it, yet we must say a very warm and a very appreciative word concerning the tremendous enthusiasm of this meeting of meetings at Columbus. To do strict and impartial justice to the General's electrifying meeting at Columbus we cannot use a too optimistic expression.

Colonel Lawley, then whose no better authority on such a subject exists, passes us on the following: "For genuine affection, tears and sympathy, this meeting was equal to the best."

Columbus is the capital city of the great State of Ohio, a State which produced the martyred McKinley, and whose stalwart sons have ever given and are giving of their best for the nation's weal. The inhabitants number 140,000. The entire city, with the imposing State House as a centre, bears a very stately aspect, and the thousand and one signs of a prosperous, fully-equipped modern American city are in evidence.

The place selected for the meeting was the Board of Trade Auditorium, a spacious theatre seating 2,500 people. There had been unmistakable signs during the day of a sympathetic feeling away beyond the average. The reception at the depot, that would not be suppressed, was quite affecting. Among the soldiers present was a dear old man with flowing white beard, who will regard the General's visit as the event of his life. With a stealthy, delicate touch he lifted the hem of the General's tunic to his lips; the General, instantly divining his object, put his arms around him in a loving embrace and imprinted a kiss upon his forehead, bringing blessed tears of loving emotion to the dear old soldier's eyes and bringing from his lips an exclamation similar to that of Simeon of old.

The press of the city had devoted many pages to interviews and anticipatory write-ups, and the tone of things was about all that could be desired.

The exhibition of sympathetic regard that made itself apparent when the General made his appearance spoke volumes for the ability of the audience to keep its emotion under bit and bridle until the right moment.

The General was well supported upon the platform by a number of gentlemen of distinguished bearing, who acted as vice-presidents. Among them were: Dr. W. O. Thompson, president Ohio State University; Mr. Paul Jones, attorney; Mr. A. W. Ores, State Sunday School Association; Rev. Carl Deney, pastor King Avenue M.E. Church; Chaplain Starr, of the State Penitentiary; Rabbi Klein, of the Jewish Synagogue; Rev. Mr. Thompson, Welsh Congregational Church; Doctor Copeman, and Colonel Kilbourne, Democratic nominee for Governor at the recent election.

His Excellency the Governor of Ohio, the Hon. G. K. Nash, presided over the meeting. His introduction of the General was kindly in the extreme. After delivering a brief, although unique, speech of introduction,

which could not have been more to the point had it been read from a carefully prepared printed page, the Governor turned to the General, grasped him by the hand and gently drew him to his feet, amid a perfect tempest of applause.

"I have not had the privilege of meeting you in the GOVERNOR'S person until I SPEECH."

hand upon this platform, General Booth, but you have not been unknown to me or to the people of Ohio. We have long known that your ambition in life is to perform good works and to help those who are in trouble. A nobler ambition a boy or a man never had. You recognize the fact that you could not perform this work well without the help of God. That your work has been well performed is well known to us all from the fact that the organization which you have made known as the Salvation Army has spread throughout the world, turning the feet of multitudes into the path of righteousness and peace. It has done good, it has done great work wherever it has gone. It is for these reasons that the people of Ohio welcome you most cordially to-night, and they and I wish you an abundant harvest in your life's work, and that at the end you may have the peace, the rest, and the joy which God gives to all His own good people.

"I have the honor and the pleasure to present to you General Booth." We were about to remark that, like particles of dust flying before a new broom in an ungarlished room, the General's lecture, delivered with that peculiar liberty and freedom so difficult to define, but so essential to conquest, swept every atom of preconceived prejudice and misunderstanding from every mind present. This, however, would be but half stating the truth; in addition to such obliteration, there was a great and palpable deepening of the already possessed appreciation in the cases of the great majority of those present.

The applause broke out in spontaneous bursts. It was cordial, it was genuine. The crowd, as one man, would clap and shout with the force of a fire-alarm bell. Then, a full occurring glimpse of the General's benignant countenance would start them off again like a steam callopie, not exactly the same variety of sound, but the same in volume of intensity.

After the high-rolling sea of applause had ebbed a trifle, and further exercises been made possible, Dr. Copeman proposed a vote of thanks to the General in the following language:

"The General said in the beginning of his address that he hoped to touch some young heart here this evening. I am sure he has stirred some old as well as young hearts here tonight, and that we who have heard him shall go from this building less selfish, less careless about the condition of those people of whom he has told us to-night who are in such a sad state, and not only that we shall be more earnest in our desire to help men, but that we shall never again be content to wait for men to come within our reach that we may help them, but, like the Salvation Army, that we shall go out of our way with the determination to reach and help those who need it."

"I have always thought of General Booth as a foreigner. Some years ago I was in the House of Parliament in London. In a room on the lower floor there was a picture of Moses coming down from the mountain, and a lady said, 'Moses! Ah, I thought he looked like a foreigner!'"

"Now, I am sure we would not have felt that when we looked at General Booth to-night. I am sure we have felt that he is not sure a fellow-



Consul Emma de L. Booth-Tucker.

countryman of ours, bound for the same country as that to which we are travelling, but that he is our brother." (Great cheers.)

The General's visit to the extreme-ly pretty and DELIGHTFUL well-laid out city of DETROIT.

great deal for the local work, which had already received considerable momentum from the sympathy evoked by the recent arrest of Dr. B. B. Cox and some of the comrades of the Corps. The General's meeting in the finely built and beautifully appointed Central Methodist Episcopal Church, followed up as it will be, we doubt not, by suitable arrangements for taking advantage of the high tide of sympathetic feeling which swept over the magnificent audience, will mean the dawning of a new, a brighter and better day for Detroit than our work has ever enjoyed there in the past.

We spoke of the crowd as magnificent. It was fully that—in point of numbers, of course, and, it may be added, of social standing. After an extra row of chairs had been placed down the full length of the centre aisle, and the choir loft over the pulpit had been filled with clamorous spectators, people crowded into the sacred edifice wherever standing-room was permitted.

At Columbus, O., our last stop, the pulse of the people's enthusiasm was beating away up about 150° at Detroit it was not so high, but let no one abuse his mind with the idea that the meeting was in any danger of coldness or stiffness. Not a bit of it. Only when a man comes from a boiler-room into a steam-heated apartment he feels a little chilly. There was sufficient heat present to dispel the mist of misunderstanding. The beautiful feeling of loving regard which asserted itself towards the close of the meeting, put one in mind of the beautiful rainbow which crowns the effort of the sun as it shines with benevolent warmth upon the everlasting mist of Niagara.

Colonel Higgins introduced the distinguished chairman of the occasion, the Hon. Don. M. Dickenson, who was very felicitous in his remarks:—

"The first time I ever heard the words 'Salvation Army' was in the DICKENSON'S year 1876 or 1877, in the city of London."

I was driving through Trafalgar Square, when we were stopped at the entrance of Pall Mall by a passing Army with banner and drum and flag. It was a small Army, it is true, but it was a squad of that mighty Army, to paraphrase the words of an eloquent statesman of our country, whose drum-beat following the setting sun is now heard around the world.

"Arrested by curiosity, I made inquiry and found this was the Salvation Army, and that night I attended a meeting in a dingy hall, just off the Strand of London, and heard the earnest tones of a body of people whom I now know as the Salvation Army, and whose distinguished head is with us to-night."

I learned that its objects were to reach that great mass of people in the city of London who think they are not welcome in the churches; they are those of whom it may be said, 'Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but they have not where to lay their head.' And it was doubtful at their head."

(Continued on page 12.)

From Nadab and Abihu. A Character Sketch.

BY MAJOR ARCHIBALD.

(Leviticus 10 : 1-11.)

The law had been given and the tabernacle had been built, and organized worship began. On the very first day of their meetings this terrible thing happened. It shows conclusively that the greater our privileges are the greater are our temptations and the deeper may be our fall.

Who were the transgressors? They were the sons of Aaron and bore names meaning "Generous" and "God is our Father," rather expressive of their pious ancestry and training. Christian hereditary may be a great help and blessing, but it will not in itself save us. It has often been said that ministers' sons are worse than others, but when they are had they become conspicuous and terrible examples. Nadab and Abihu had been ordained to the priesthood and were in the service at the altar. High position is no safeguard against temptation. The tower of the City Hall, so near our Headquarters, may be the farther away from the danger of a flood, yet it is dangerously near the lightning (only a few weeks ago the lightning did much damage to its spire). They that stand next to the altar are near to temptations that others may never know. The officer who leads his Corps or those associated with the executive working of our organization all have their temptations peculiar to the situation.

Offering Strange Fire.

These two newly commissioned officers, Nadab and Abihu, offered strange fire before the Lord. The worship of the Tabernacle was so vital to pure faith, and so exposed to abuse and desecration, that every part of it was put under Divine regulation and command. A great many raise the question of the orders and regulations of the Army; they feel they pinch. Yes, they do, but only to the lax and weak in spirit, or those who always want to run everything in circles. Where would we land without order or regulation? Only the Tabernacle censor and the holy fire that burned on the altar continually could be used in their service, and these young men set these regulations at defiance, and used their own censers and their own fire. They, like many others of today, would bring things "up to date," and strike out on new and progressive lives. No doubt they reasoned within themselves that Aaron, their father, was an old fogy who was bound too much to tradition. The spirit of progress and daring in our Army is noble and necessary; it pushes the Army work forward, and on the right lines we need more of it, yet progress works confusion and ruin if carried on on selfish lines. We want the progress that respects the heads of our organization and keeps itself under Divine direction. Strange fire may creep into our meetings, and, worse than all, it may be brought there by using our own censor, or in not heeding close to the Gospel line, let the chips fall where they may. Are not the legion of fads now in vogue with many of God's people a symbol of strange fire? Anything that the tempter can utilize to draw away our minds from Christ and Him crucified is nothing less than strange fire, or the getting our hearts to embrace some hobby, some wonderful experience which sounds high above our fellow-comrades in the Divine life. This something which takes away the passion or the zeal for souls, that implants a doctrine which makes a man less useful in the service, is nothing more nor less than strange fire.

Fire Devoured Them.

"And there came forth fire from the Lord and devoured them, and they died before the Lord." They were not spared because they were Aaron's sons and stood at the altar, but retribution fell upon them as swift and as terrible as if they had been heathen desecrators. God is no respecter of persons, and whatever one's social standing or spiritual leadership may

be, he shall reap of his own doings. The punishment may with many seem out of proportion to the sin, but with some sins they must not be allowed to get the start. With some, spiritual sins may not be of much consequence, but in the long run they are worst of all. A meeting is one of God's greatest blessings, yet it may be perverted and become our greatest corruption. In heathen countries we are told that vice reaches its deepest degradation at the altar. Disobedience in not giving God complete control of soul and body cuts the deepest into the life of the soul. Life cannot be conducted on "go-as-you-please" principles, but we must keep in the track of the law or he wrecked in disobedience. God can never overlook the sin. He hates it and has provided a remedy, not an excuse; therefore, no guilty soul can escape. The fatal thread of retribution is woven

thousands of beautiful, talented people we have known to fall through disobedience—their spiritual life stricken with a spiritual death. Aaron held his peace. He had no word of excuse to offer for his sons, and no complaint to make against God. He was smitten into silence by the blow. How much he blamed himself for his sons' folly we will never know, yet he may have had presented to his mind the scene of the golden calf—when calamity overtakes his memory is sure to point to deeds of the past—yet his great sorrow struck his soul dumb. When God speaks, let man be silent. "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth because Thou didst it." Moses ordered the corpses out of camp, and without any preparation for burial they were dropped into dishonored graves. Death does not level moral distinctions among men, and after death the "filthy are filthy still." We may throw the mantle of silence over them, but we cannot honor them.

Moses also forbade Aaron and his sons from uncovering their heads and engaging in the usual Oriental manifestations of grief. They were not



Drink's Slavery.

into the whole web of the universe. Every day we live looks forward for a judgment. Fire came forth from the Lord and devoured Nadab and Abihu. They sinned with fire, and fire destroyed them. The deep meaning is that sin works its own retribution. The commandments of God are not arbitrary arrangements, but they are the necessary and the eternal laws of life, which, being disobeyed, destroy life. God does not need to kindle a fire around the sinner; he is kindling his own fire and consuming himself. Every sin unpardoned, unrepented, shall burn throughout eternity a flame of fire, when the fire is eternal and where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

No Excuses to Offer.

This terrible affair struck the camp with consternation. Moses was the first to speak, and he explained the matter to Aaron. The point of explanation is that God means just what He says. His laws are not to be trifled with, and we are not to be surprised when we find dead men lying in the path of disobedience. How many "dead men" can you count, especially if you are an old officer? Oh,

permitted to come out of the Tabernacle; the service of the sanctuary must not be interrupted. Men may disgrace and destroy themselves, but God's work must go on. Have not our leaders proved that there are times when in great sorrow they must stand by our work and bear the burdens in silence? Why? "For the anointing oil of the Lord is upon you." This was the reason given why the priests should not break out in lamentation. Demonstrative sorrow at such a season would have provoked the Lord. Sorrow over the shipwrecked souls we have known has its place and its rights in our hearts, yet it must not reflect upon the Lord.

God followed up this scene and gave His judgment on the case. From it we glean that both these young men had taken wine before their going to worship—perhaps Nadab and Abihu were intoxicated when they offered strange fire and were consumed. They were also unclean; this brought out the injunction from the Lord, "that ye may put difference between the holy and unholy, between the unclean and clean." "Lest ye die"—how these words must have burned in their sad hearts! Comrades, let us stick to

the old-time fire, the old-time purity of heart and purpose, the old-time simplicity and Gospel story, lest we fall out by the wayside, and, in disgrace to both God and the Flag, our souls are numbered with backsliders.

Odessa on Fire.

Drum-Head Consecration—Deep-Dyed Drunkard Saved Through the Drum—His Ten-Year-Old Son Follows.

Sunday, Nov. 9th, was a day of power. In the holiness meeting Bro. A. Ayresworth, who was leading the testimony meeting, asked for a drum-head consecration, and three came out for sanctification and knelt at the old drum. Then all in the meeting except one came and reconsecrated themselves to God, and prayed that God would use them in the salvation of some precious soul that day. They sang heartily on their knees Colonel Lawley's new song—

"It's the old-time power,
Lord, I am seeking to-day."

Praise God the power came. While we were on the afternoon march one of the worst drunkards in Odessa heard the beating of the drum. He left his dinner and came to the meeting to get saved. He did not come forward, however, but left unsaved, and under very deep conviction went to his home for his supper very drunk. At six o'clock they were all seated at the table, the blessing was asked by the stepson, who is a Salvationist, but no one offered to taste any food. The poor man in his drunken condition sat at the head of the table with a bottle of liquor before him, but God's Spirit so convicted him that instead of partaking of their supper they started a prayer meeting. There being three Salvationists in the family at home (one is a Cadet in the American field), Praise God, in a short time the drunkard rose to his feet a sober and a saved man, and declared he would never touch the drink again. He smashed the bottle, came to the meeting at night and testified. His boy, aged ten years, also came to the mercy seat, and an old lady who had been a Christian for forty years, but had disowned God, came and cried for mercy, making six souls for the day.

Lieut. C. Holliday has returned from the General's councils full of fire for the winter campaign. Our cottage prayer meetings are again started for the winter. Look out for Odessa.—Hallelujah Drummer.

Women's Social Work.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Will all those who desire to enter as officers of the Women's Social and Children's Rescue Work, write for full particulars to Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, Albert St., Toronto.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Kindly send all donations or subscriptions for the Women's Social and Children's Rescue Work to Miss Booth, Albert St., Toronto, or to any of the following addresses.

Kindly state for which branch your gift is intended.

Rescue Homes, Children's Homes, and Hospitals.

Toronto, Ont., 916 Yonge St. Adj. Lowrie.

London, Ont., Riverview Ave. Adj. McDonald.

Winnipeg, 486 Young St. Adj. Kerr.

St. John, N.B., 36 St. James St. Staff-Capt. Holmes.

Montreal, Que., 243 St. Antoine St. Staff-Capt. Ellery.

Halifax, N.S., 71 Windsor St. Adj. Mrs. Payne.

St. John's, Nfld., 26 Cook St. Ensign Hall.

Ottawa, Ont., 121 Daly Ave. Adj. Hicks.

Hamilton, Ont., 119 Wentworth St. Ensign Brown.

Butte, Mont., 305 W. Broadway. Capt. Earle.

Spokane, Wash., 739 S. Chandler St. Staff-Capt. Jost.

Vancouver, B.C., 789 Seymour St. Ensign Butler.

Toronto, Ont., 68 Farley Ave. Ensign Crocker.



Six Be

Cornwall.—Two w farewell to Capt. Haley, of West Ont. is a stranger in the no stranger to the since her arrival God her efforts. But the joy of seeing pardon, making six days. Our prayer is may be brought to Christ.—F. P. R.

Harmonics and G

Cobourg.—We had all day on Sunday, sign Poole and the E Ensign also gave a le Saturday, which was had a very large at day evening, and de stamped on many f monies are going to May God bless them, ready been a great b to us.—R. C.

A Volunteer from

Douglas Cove.—We tory in this part of Sunday was a blast kneed-drill to the nig

Capt. Carwardine.

I ord was with us, and derful time. Four o said good-bye for G Bro. Hallett, our S. A. from 2 Kings v. 10, a home to the hearts of dear brother at the racks volunteered for runs high for good t ture. Our soldiers and know how to f Hezekiah Wiltshire, I

Returned After Sev

Fenelon Falls.—We from the Locals and dia welcome. The p week-end were a good Capt. Ellery, who was in the Army seventeen accompanied by Ensign part in the meetings Sunday. Their visit much enjoyed. We ward to a harvest o this winter. Blood an —Capt. and Mrs. H. C.

Signs of a

Halifax 1.—On S seven comrades met and wrestled so hard God gave us the prever ye shall ask in will I do." At the in the harbor the fir for God, and many were brought to tear noon two more pro won for the Master, at eight souls sought while many more were viction. On Monday wanderers returned t

CORPS BULLETINS

old-time purity
the old-time sim-
ory, lest we fall
and, in disgrace
Flag, our souls
acknowledgers.

Fire.

tion—Deep-Dyed
Through the
Year-Old Son
s.

was a day of
23rd meeting Bro.
was leading the
sided for a drum-
three came out
knelt at the old
e meeting except
necrated them-
prayed that God
the salvation of
that day. They
ir knees Colonel

power,
ing to-day."

or came.
n the afternoon
first drunkards in
ing of the drum,
and came to the
ed. He did not
ver, but left un-
deep conviction
his supper very
ck they were all
the blessing was
n, who is a Sat-
offered to taste
an in his drunk-
the head of the
of liquor before
rit so convicted
bartaking of their
prayer meeting.
Rationalists in the
e is a Cadet in
Prison God, in
nkard rose to his
saved man, and
never touch the
ashed the bottle,
g at night and
aged ten years,
icy seat, and an
n a Christian for
I disobeyed God,
mercy, making
has returned from
is full of fire for
1. Our cottage
weekend again
started for
out for Odessa.

cial Work.

NOTICE.

Desire to enter as
pen's Social and
ork, write for full
ut-Colonel Mrs.
onto.

RIENDS.

onations or sub-
men's Social and
Work to Miss
ronto, or to any
esses.

blch branch your

son's Homes, and
els.

Yonge St. Adj.

view Ave. Adj.

St. Adj. Kerr.

James St. Staff.

St. Alton St.

Indoor St. Adj.

Cook St. Ensign

Daly Ave. Adj.

Wentworth St.

Broadway. Capt.

S. Chandler St.

Seymour St. En-

sign

Six Souls.
Cornwall.—Two weeks ago we said farewell to Capt. and Mrs. Green, and welcomed into our midst Ensign Haley, of West Ontario. The Ensign is a stranger in these parts, but is no stranger to the work of God, and since her arrival God has been blessing our efforts. Sunday last we had the joy of seeing four souls seek pardon, making six for the two Sundays. Our prayer is that many more may be brought to see their need of Christ.—F. P. R.

Harmonics and G. B. M. Man.

Jobourg.—We had special meetings all day on Sunday, conducted by Ensign Poole and the Harmonics. The Ensign also gave a lantern service on Saturday, which was very good. We had a very large attendance on Sunday evening, and deep conviction was stamped on many faces. The Harmonics are going to stay another week. May God bless them. They have already been a great blessing and help to us.—R. C.

A Volunteer from the Back.

Dotting Cove.—We are having victory in this part of the battlefield. Sunday was a blessed day. From knee-drill to the night meeting the

gave all the past. There are signs of a big revival this month. We pray that we shall not be disappointed. Two souls were also saved at Dartmouth united meeting on Thursday night.—Bandsman J. W. Pierce.

Conviction Deepening.

Lewiston.—Since last report the work has been going ahead here. Souls are getting saved, the attendance is keeping up, conviction is deepening in many hearts, and we are believing for greater victories. We still have Capt. and Mrs. Jackson with us. God bless them. Their whole aim is to advance the Kingdom of God.—S. M. Sumpter.

Left a Deep Impression.

Medicine Hat.—God is wonderfully blessing the work here and souls are getting saved. We have had with us Ensign Mercer, the G.B.M. Agent for the Province, who is loved by all who know him for his gentleness of manner and cheering words. The Ensign's service, entitled, "Home, sweet home," was very touching indeed, and left a deep impression on the people's hearts.—H. S. Smith.

A Record-Breaker.

Minot.—We have just had a visit from Ensign James Mercer, the G.B.M. man, and all enjoyed his meetings. The magic lantern service was a complete success, and the net income was \$14.60. How is this for a record-breaker? A few souls have come forward for salvation recently, and God is blessing us in other ways.—Capt. Edward Kemm.

The Provincial Officer's Visit.

Newmarket.—We have just had a visit from Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering and Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Cass. Large crowds listened to the words of the Brigadier with great attention. Many were deeply convicted, and best of all one soul was saved at knee-drill.



Capt. Carwardine, Newmarket.

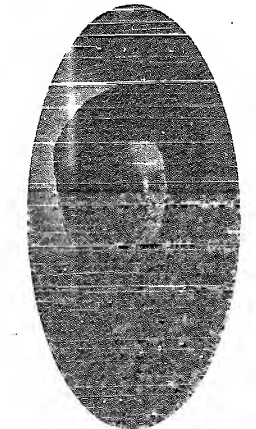
Lord was with us, and we had a wonderful time. Four of our comrades said good-bye for Glace Bay, C. B. Bro. Hallett, our S. A. preacher, spoke from 2 Kings v. 16, and the truth went home to the hearts of the people. O dear brother at the back of the barracks volunteered for God. Our faith runs high for good times in the near future. Our soldiers are a jolly lot, and know how to fight for God.—Hezekiah Wiltshire, Lieut.

Returned After Seventeen Years.

Fenelon Falls.—We have received from the Locals and soldiers a splendid welcome. The meetings for the weekend were a good beginning. Staff-Capt. Ellery, who was converted here in the Army seventeen years ago, accompanied by Ensign Broster, took part in the meetings on Saturday and Sunday. Their visit and talks were much enjoyed. We are looking forward to a harvest of souls for God this winter. Blood and fire shall win.—Capt. and Mrs. H. C. Banks, C.O.

Signs of a Revival.

Halifax 1.—On Sunday morning seven comrades met for knee-drill, and wrestled so hard for victory that God gave us the promise, "Whatsoever I shall ask in my name, that will I do." At the morning meeting in the harbor the first soul was won for God, and many who looked on were brought to tears. In the afternoon two more precious souls were won for the Master, and again at night eight souls sought and found Christ, while many more were under deep conviction. On Monday night two more wanderers returned to God, who for-



Lieut. Lamb, Newmarket, Ont.

and two on Sunday night. Newmarket corps, by the help of God, is marching on to victory.—S. Carwardine, Capt.

The Adjutant's First Sunday.

Ottawa.—We extended a hearty greeting to Adj. Hakkirk, our new commanding officer, on his arrival on Saturday, Nov. 8th. During the meetings on Sunday the power of God was felt in our midst, and we were rejoiced to see one precious soul seeking a clean heart and five seeking pardon. We give all the glory to Jesus. This is the first victory under the new leader, and we are still pushing the battle on by prayer and faith,

determined to conquer. Lieuts. Lowday and Mabel Webber are on a short furlough to see their parents, Sergt-Major and Mrs. Webber. We were glad to welcome them to the Ottawa corps once more, for a short season.—A. J. French, Sec.

News from Alaska.

Skagway.—We can still report victory. Praise God for His presence with us in our meetings. Last week was one of labor and hardship, both for the Captain and soldiers, but our hearts rejoice when we see the sign "Salvation Army" right in the centre of the town among those who need the Gospel brought to them. We have now settled down for the winter, to proceed liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. We believe that God is going to crown our efforts with souls. Capt. Long is in command of the forces in Alaska.—H. P. S.

A Little Girl Came First.

Spokane.—On Monday night Staff-Capt. Taylor commissioned the handsomeness, whom we are pleased to say, are getting along fine. Sec. Maritz has been appointed Baudmaster. May God grant that their music may be as means of touching the sinners' hearts. Sister Coen, who has been away for the past three months has returned to Spokane, and we are pleased to have her in our midst again. On Sunday night a dear little nine-year-old girl came to the penitent form and said she wanted to give her heart to Jesus. This was the first convert in our new barracks, and, praise the Lord, a very fitting one too.

A sister who once loved God, but whose love for Him had grown cold, also came forward and promised to be true. Deep conviction seized many others, but they went away unwon. It has rained continuously every night since we opened our new hall, but this has not in any way dampened our courage in going ahead in God's strength to do our best to try and win souls for Him.—J. C. R. C.

Military Comrades Farewell.

St. George's.—Three of our military comrades farewelled on Sunday evening. They have been with us for some time and proved faithful soldiers of the corps, and each one spoke of his determination to stick to God and the Army wherever they might go. At our last soldiers' meeting we had a good band and sang, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee." We pray that all may prove themselves true and fight the good fight of faith with all their might. The Juniors gave a jubilee celebration on the day following the King's Birthday, which was highly appreciated by the audience.—S. A. Church, War. C. R.

His Former Peace Restored.

Strathroy.—Everyone seems pleased with our new officers, Capt. and Mrs. Hancock, and increased crowds prove that they will take all right. Sunday's holiness meeting was a blessed time, and God restored to a troubled soul his former peace. Brother and Sister J. Bare have gone to invade the enemy's camp in Bay City, Mich. We all miss them very much.—A. Haldane.

Tears Rolled Down Their Cheeks.

St. Stephen.—God is still in our midst, sinners are getting saved, and backsliders are coming home. A young man volunteered to follow God on Saturday night, and on Sunday afternoon three women came to the cross and found pardon. Others in the meeting were convicted. Tears rolled down the cheeks of a young girl who was a backslider, and she promised that if God spared her she would get saved at the next opportunity. Some of our converts, who have only been saved a few weeks, are in uniform, and others who have only been saved a week are in the marches and on the platform. We have seen seven souls saved since Capt. McWilliams and Lieut. Rudland took charge. The people seem much interested in their soul's salvation.

Cadet Bessie Bartlett has gone to Old Ridge to prepare for the Training Home.—Cadet Jennie Hurdwick.

Souls Were Stirred.

Summerside.—We have just had a visit from Adj. and Mrs. Byers. They came full of fire, and conducted three meetings with us. At the first meet-



P.S.-M. Mrs. Dickson and War Cry Sgt. Callista Styler, St. Thomas, Ont.

Our two comrades collected over \$50 for H.P. fund.

ing many were convicted and one wanderer returned, and on Thursday night many souls were stirred up to their responsibility. We give our D. O. and his wife an invitation to come back to our corps.—Little David.

Seven for the Week-End.

Uxbridge.—On Thursday last Lieut. Welshy arrived to take charge for a few days, and she has not been idle. On Saturday one brother knelt at the mercy seat and God saved him from drink and tobacco. On Sunday we had good meetings; there was deep conviction and at the night meeting five brothers and one sister came to God for pardon, making a total of seven for the week-end. To God we give the glory.—Treas.

Farewell for the Klondike.

Whitcomb.—Capt. Darrach and Lieut. Sutherland farewelled on Sunday night, Nov. 5th, and left for Everett, where the Lieutenant will supply during the Captain's rest for a month, when they expect to leave for Skagway, Alaska. Mrs. Adj. McGill arrived on the following Friday and we welcomed her on Sunday. The Adjutant is expected about Dec. 1st, and in the meantime the soldiers intend to rally around Mrs. McGill and share in the grand work of soul-saving.—E.C.R.

Blind Musician at London.

Grand meetings yesterday, the Blind Musician here, Gladdie filled at night. Eight souls forward, one of them being a brother who was deeply convicted in the General's meetings. The work has received a great lift by our dear General's visit. How the people do love him here! The soldiers are full of fire and faith. Band first-class; the boys rendered good service in the prayer meeting last night.—Staff-Capt. A. Goodwin.

At the present time all our Social Institutions in London and the Provinces, as well as the Land Colony, are crowded to the extreme limits allowed by the authorities. It is very necessary that the number of Homes and Workshops should be increased to cope with the demand which is sure to be made upon us as the winter becomes more severe.

THE GENERAL'S AMERICAN ADVANCE.

(Continued from page 9.)

that time, and, sad to say, it may be doubtful at this time, whether anyone of that great class of suffering and wretched humanity would be welcome in any of our palatial churches on the Sabbath Day, in the garb they wear every day, and the only garb that they have. This organization has reached them, however. I learned that the object of the Salvation Army was to come and to show them that face of the Saviour to us all luminous with help, sympathy, and comfort, to the wretched, and we hope even to the criminal, and the Salvation Army, I believe has put that face in the face of the masses of mankind, and put that comfort in the heart of the masses of men. He who originated this great reform, he who is at the head of this great Army, and whose name is known round the world, and the light, and it is now my privilege, and will be an honor to me to be remembered as long as I live, to present to you General William Booth, of the Salvation Army.

The General closely held the attention of the audience for the two hours devoted to the delivery of his lecture. The General's first touch of wit loosened things up considerably, and at the second a general epidemic of broad smiles spread over the place. At the close of the lecture some very excellent addresses were delivered by the following gentlemen: Mr. James Pound, described by the chairman as "the commoner of Detroit," and Judge Phelan, who, of course, made many references to the late legal fight for liberty of speech upon the Campus Martius. A series of thanks was moved, seconded, and carried, and responded to feelingly by the General, the Consul terminating the proceedings with a prayer-petition full of soulful pleading.

Toledo has certainly given the General a right royal reception, and one AT TOLEDO, OHIO.

The spacious Memorial Hall—wide, long, high, and broad—with its thousands of flags, giving it an extremely gala appearance, with its cry seat held down by a living occupant, its every window sill tenanted, presented a scene that evidently inspired the General's heart, for he spoke with special liberty and power, and captured the people's hearts from the very beginning.

The action of the chairman, General Kent Hamilton, in terming the General "the great leader of a great Army," which he abundantly qualified by relating some of the things which made our leader great, crediting him with an organizing genius equal to that of the early reformers, was heartily endorsed by the entire audience in a vote of thanks and a series of cheers and hand-claps that punctuated the lecture from beginning to end.

The Toledo News speaks of the occasion as "an event among events, an occasion one among a thousand. Although General Booth has appeared in Toledo before, it was last evening that he appeared more as a leader of men. . . . In her greeting to him, Toledo showed the appreciation she holds for him, for his life, and for his works."

Few public speakers could have manipulated an audience as did the General, with the assistance of his Divine Master, at Toledo. Now using a shaft of humor to make palatable some great, stirring truth, now carrying them along upon the crest of a wave of enthusiasm to the scene of some heroic achievement, then again holding them up as at the point of a revolver, as he brought them face to face with the assests of their own conscience, and asked them in tones of great intensity, "What are you doing—what are you doing—what are you doing with your life?" The effect was of almost supernatural import. The climax of the lecture was terrific. The General's last few sentences, accompanied by most hallowed influences, and burning with Divine truth, will prove of lasting, we dare believe everlasting, effect.

CHICAGO'S CHANCE.

The boundless ocean of filial affection with which the Salvationists regard their General never received a greater, stronger, or more pronounced exemplification than during the wonderful just-closed Chicago Congress.

The exalted position which General William Booth occupies in the mind of the American public, as a practical philanthropist, and a great leader in the religious world, was never more patent to the public eye than on this occasion.

The verdict of the daily journals was rarely if ever more decidedly in favor of our General and that creation of his word and will, the Salvation Army, than at present.

There was no public reception, in the proper sense of the term, but a great number of the officers and soldiers could not restrain their desire to pay the tribute of their heart's affection to the one whose ministrations set in motion the spiritual machinery which brought salvation to their souls and happiness to their homes, so that when the General stepped from the platform at the Dearborn Station, on Saturday morning he walked into what the Chicago "American" called "a forest of blue uniforms" and "a tossing wood of waving red caps."

Widely huzzas rang out again and again as the General heaped upon the congregated enthusiasts and bade them welcome to his heart as they bade him welcome to their great city. Judge Luther Laflin Mills had made his way to the end of the train, and was the first to affectionately greet the General, who responded with as tender a salutation. In stepping down and off the railway platform the impression was created that the General was stepping directly into the hearts of the Chicago people, and throughout the duration of the entire Chicago Campaign, from the time the first camera was snapped upon him at the railway station to the time of the last salvo of enthusiastic appreciation as the train to which the "Rambler" is attached steamed out of the depot on its westward course, nothing has occurred so seriously mar this impression.

The General drove with the Consul direct to the palatial parlors of the Press and Club, at 104 Madison St., where he was the guest of many of the leading hierarchs of the city, who, at his suggestion, seated themselves around him in a semi-circle after introductions had been made, and listened to a delightful informal talk upon the various phases of Army work.

To see the General at one of these gatherings of professional men and women is to witness another proof of his greatness; the General not only meets them upon their own ground, but easily takes his place among them.

The attitude of the gentlemen present, comprising as they did authors, publishers and journalists of repute, was one of extreme cordiality towards the General, in fact it seemed to us one of studied consideration. The General could not have expected or received greater attention at the hands of his own officers and soldiers than he received from these literary friends.

One newspaper man, speaking later of the General as "the leader of the crusade against poverty and vice and crime in England, the champion of the people all over the earth," further declared him to be "a modern George Fox," and remarked: "It is not difficult to account for the tremendous following he has created in a few years."

The historic Princess Rink, the huge house of Chicago's WITH HIS SOLDIERS corps, and AND EX-SOLDIERS the seat of AT THE PRINCESS RINK. Training operations.

resplendent in its coating of new paint, with numerous electric hubs shedding their soft radiance upon the brilliantly-illuminated motes upon the walls, was a model place of assembly for the opening battle of the campaign—a battle against carelessness, coldness, and indifference; a

blazing fire to melt the ice that had caked itself around the experience of the ex-soldiers present.

The entire seating capacity of the Rink—one of the largest public halls, by the way, used by the Army as a barracks in this country—was taken up with soldiers and those who had formerly been such. Each seat had its blue-bonnetted or red-guiseyed occupant, while the immense platform was packed with as bright and compact a body of Salvation Army officers as we have ever seen within our ranks. Here was an audience which was to the General's own liking, with the word "inspiration" written across it in letters of silver and gold.

When the General arrived, fluttering a handkerchief over his head, as though to better waft the affectionate regard of his heart to theirs, there arose a regular pandemonium of appreciation which would have rendered nervous collapse a readily excusable offense.

Even at the very start, after the storm of applause had been suppressed for the moment, and the General had spoken of the glorious victories with which God had crowned his efforts at the great centers of New York and Toronto, it became apparent that Chicago had its own views upon the subject, that a holy rivalry existed which portended great happenings, if mighty faith and desperate works preceded anything. But this was laid aside for the time being, and the entire attention of the audience became absorbed in the momentous questions upon which the General based his remarks.

The General then turned his guns upon the demons of half-heartedness and backsliding, blazing away with the intensity and accuracy of a trained marksman. He judged his audience rightly. It was not so much the General speaking as it was God speaking through the General. It was not like a man addressing other men and women upon a chosen topic, but like a prophet with a Divine message thundering it forth upon hearts and intelligences which would henceforth feel the burden of its responsibility.

"Receiving and giving is part of the law and order of God's universe!" The words fell from the General's lips into the hollow souls of men and women's hearts. They commenced to think what was coming next. They did not have to wait long. "You have been receiving things all your life long, but what are you doing in the way of giving?" The question soon became generally self-asked. Then came shot number three—"Are you giving your best—your all? Remember, God will be satisfied with nothing less!" Confusion followed in the wake of such questioning, alive as it was with point and illustration, with practical warning and entreaty, and long before the invitation was given, while the General was in the middle of some of his most fiery utterances, a dear fellow, with sighs and sobs, crying and groaning beneath a terrible weight of remorse, arose and made a dash for the mercy seat.

When the pool was opened, amidst sights and sounds that would tax the golden pen of a celestial scribe to describe, there was a steady procession to the front for cleansing and healing that constituted the penitent form a veritable Pool of Sion.

Broken-hearted backsliders, in various stages of soul-wreck and desolation, received pardon and reconciliation; others who had gradually and almost unconsciously lost their first love had it restored to them, the grand total of earnest supplicants numbering no less than sixty-four. God was abundantly thanked and glorified for what was generally felt to be a glorious start to the Chicago campaign—a start that would lead up to spiritual situations and climaxes that neither men nor devils possessed the power to hinder.

The embarrassing situation that faced the War CRY man when he essayed to enter the Princess Rink on Sunday morning was one of those doors, which the usual genial and obliging Colonel Sowton, afraid of the

rush that might ensue, would not permit to be reopened even at the behest of a War Cry man. The only thing for the beleaguered reporter to do, unless he wished to lose the entire meeting, was to make a football rush around to the back of the building and "climb up some other way."

For a Sunday morning meeting, the sight that met the reporter's gaze was certainly a revelation. The great crowd, seated and standing in every available niche and corner, gave the idea of vastness and immensity.

The clapping that greeted the rising of the General at the conclusion of the opening song and prayer, seemed rather distasteful to him at the moment, and he begged his audience to refrain. The solemnity of the occasion could not be overlooked. The General had some spiritual business to perform. He was to talk to men and women he might never meet again.

The General raised a high standard before the view of his hearers—and yet a standard which his life has evidenced he has not hesitated to accept himself, and which he could therefore, with the greater feeling of confidence and authority, place before others. The General's standard was that of Calvary and the cross. Nothing but one's greatest and best was either desirable or acceptable in the sight of God. In return for this the General would not promise an ecstasy of unmitigated delight. It pleased Almighty God to place crosses, and trials, and mysteries in our path, but he did promise the fulfillment of God's covenant that all should ultimately work out for our good.

And then our leader took us up and on as by a veritable torrent of very arguments and convincing experiences to the possibilities of grace that lie before us, and of the self-allowed hindrances that can alone interfere with our possession of an uttermost salvation. Surely the General felt that eternal issues were dependent upon his fully and correctly proclaiming the truth of God that morning, and he spoke accordingly.

The great difficulty of attempting to report one of the General's addresses is the fact that it is utterly impossible to report the man himself, his personality, his astounding magnetism, his overwhelming individuality.

The meeting carried the stamp of Divinity upon its every detail. An other-world feeling was palpably and distinctly realized. The issues of life and death were weighing in the balance of human minds and hearts. Souls were prayed for, souls were claimed.

The rank, hoary old heresy that revivals are things of the past verily received its death-blow in this great center of need. The General, physically overcome for the moment, gives place to that masterly conductor of after-meetings, Colonel Lawley, and the battle commences in double earnest.

Forty souls, save one, set the bells of heaven pealing out a merry chime, whilst hearts innumerable were filled, not only with blessing and inspiration gathered from the rich influences of the meeting, but with faith for still greater things at the remaining meetings of the day.

It seemed as though the echoes of joy and gladness over the thirty-nine souls who knelt at the penitent form in the morning service had scarcely died away when the doors of the beautiful Studebaker Theatre were swung open to receive the expectant crowd which, in less than thirty minutes, thronged and filled it to its utmost capacity, and this notwithstanding the heavy showers of rain which fell about the time the doors were announced to open.

Exactly at the stroke of three the General, accompanied by the Commander and Consul, stepped on the platform, and faced a congregation which must have made their hearts glad. The General's appearance was greeted with spontaneous outbursts of welcome and enthusiasm. The General acknowledged the greeting in a characteristic manner.

After the storm of applause had spent itself the Commander outlined that soul-stirring song of the General's own composition, "Oh, boundless sal-

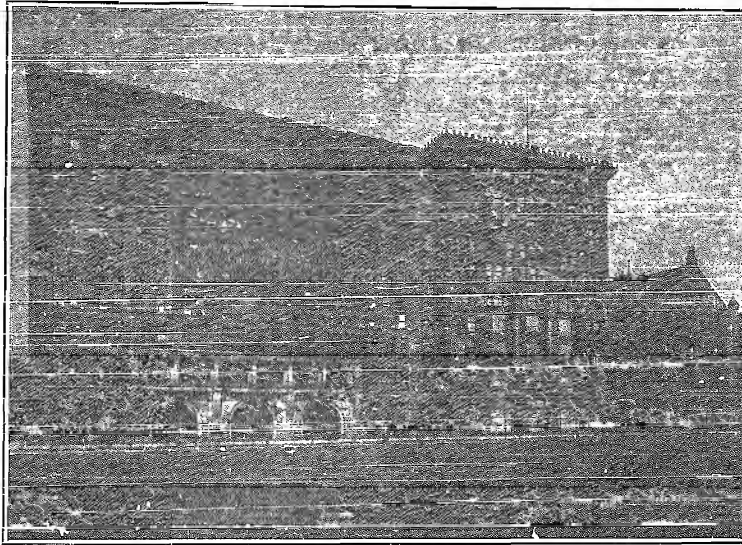
vation." Which needed to speak to the Studebaker on the mountain service, and sustained the heart's petition better than any ear of God but that of God himself. Can you imagine more at home question of it? He fairly roared it and would produce in fact, even was faced. tion into the part of the quaked soul of sin-quences, thousand feet forced to feel the capacity of damned soul "shun not to of God." What He nominates portraying the mess and his the so-called not sufficient occasion. The thick and judging from difference he real possession ground was.

The General urging salvation him in an ever long after ally exhausted to his slurge for must be. Th mightily. Crooked. Tha of the Colon fall at the fe

THE WAR CRY.

13

THE CHICAGO BUILDINGS IN WHICH THE GENERAL SPOKE.



The Auditorium.

The Studebaker Theatre.

issue, would not
ned even at the
y man. The only
d reporter to do,
n lose the entire
a football match
t of the building
e other way."
ning meeting, the
s reporter's gaze
ation. The great
standing in every
corner, gave the
d immensely.
greeted the rising
the conclusion of
d prayer, seemed
him at the mo-
d his audience to
nity of the oc-
overlooked. The
spiritual business
is to talk to men
ight never meet

d a high standard
his hearers—and
ch his life has
not hesitated to
l which he could
greater feeling of
ority, place before
s standard was
d the cross. No-
test and best was
acceptable in the
turn for this the
promise an ecstasy
light. It pleased
hace crosses, and
s in our path, but
fulfillment of God's
should ultimately
od.

ader took us up
rrible torrent of
id convincing ex-
sibilities of grace
and of the self-
that can alone in-
cession of an ac-
Surely the General
s were depend-
and correctly pro-
of God that morn-
accordingly.
of attempting the
General's ad-
that it is utterly
t the man himself,
s astounding mag-
alming individual-

ried the stamp of
every detail. An
was palpably and
The issues of life
lighting in to the
plains and hearts.
for, souls were

old heresy that
of the past verily
flow in this great
The General, play-
for the moment,
masterly conductor
Colonel Lawley,
mences in double

one, set the bells
at a merry chime,
erable were filled,
ing and inspiration
rich influences of
with faith for still
is remaining meet-

gh the echoes of joy
and glad-
ness over
the thirty-
nine souls
who knelt
at the per-
forming service had

when the doors
tudebaker Theatre
to receive the ex-
ch, less than
onged and filled it
city, and this not
heavy showers of
out the time had
ed to open.
trike of three the
led by the Com-
d, stepped on the
id a congregation
made their hearts
s appearance was
neous outburst of
mian. The Gen-
the greeting in a
ter.

of applause had
mmander outlined
ng of the General
Oh, boundless cal-

vation." We have been in meetings which needed to be "worked up" so to speak, to their spiritual tone, but not so the afternoon meeting in the Studebaker Theatre. It verily started on the mountain crest of the morning service, and everything that was done sustained this most profitable position. Certainly the prayer of the Consul stimulated it. She poured out her heart's petition in language and sentiment which made it beautiful, but better than this, it was wafted to the ear of God by her own faith as well as that of her officers all around—and verily we felt His nearness.

Colonel Lawley was next on his feet singing the well-known "Jesus waits to pardon you—yes, freely pardon you." As each verse was sung we all realized that the atmosphere was being cultivated in the manner that delights the General.

Anxious to delve into his subject, upon which we do not hesitate to say hung eternal destinies, the General gave out his text almost ere the sweet strains of the chorus had ceased.

Can you imagine the General being more at home with a subject than the question of an "utmost salvation"? He fairly revelled in it. He told what it was and what it was not, what it would produce and what it would not, in fact, every phase of the question was faced. He sent shafts of conviction into the souls of sinners in every part of the building. Many fairly quaked under the scathing denunciation of sin—its ravages and consequences. For one solid hour two thousand five hundred souls were forced to face themselves either in the capacity of a saved or almost half-damned soul. We are admonished to "shun not to declare the whole counsel of God." What a wonderful exposition of this doctrine the General is. He nominated one sin after another, portraying them in all their hideousness and blackness. The position of the so-called respectable sinner was not sufficiently entrenched on this occasion. The General's attacks were thick and fast on this class, and, judging from results, successful. The difference between professor and real possessor was shown in their ground was utterly unshakable.

The General stuck to his theme, urging salvation on the crowd before him in an earnest and pressing manner long after he felt himself physically exhausted. Calling Colonel Lawley to his side he instructed him to urge for results—for results there must be. The Spirit was working too mightily. Conviction was too deeply rooted. That was a safe prediction of the Colonel's—that one soul would fall at the feet of Jesus in that meet-

ing. The prophecy was soon fulfilled, for a dear man led the way. He had the admiration of all the Christians present. Then one after another came until twenty-nine were counted. As the number swelled to this figure the enthusiasm and holy fervor rose higher and higher. It was a grand meeting, conducted by a grand man, with correspondingly grand results.—W. S. P.

Sunday night at the Studebaker Theatre. A FULL closing battle of PENITENT FORM a remarkable ON day's fighting.

SUNDAY NIGHT. Many telling and severe blows had been dealt at the surf-drum of sin during the day; it was beautiful to witness with what zeal and avidity the comrades entered into the fight. The course of the day, each one accompanied by a glorious and unqualified victory, had sharpened their spiritual appetites to an extraordinary degree.

The beautiful Studebaker Theatre was packed to its utmost limit long before the scheduled time of commencement.

Commander Booth-Tucker, whom everybody had been delighted to welcome at the beginning of the day's proceedings, and who had been at the front all day, led in the opening song and in offering prayer, the Consul also, after the singing of "Life's morn will soon be waning," which brought precious influences into the meeting, pouring out his soul in prayer-ardor that seemed to carry with it evidences of assured victory.

Spiritual heat was rapidly being generated. That particular kind of electric feeling which seems to prevail where great spiritual exploits are about to be performed, was felt to an unusual extent.

The General had no difficulty in getting at the hearts of the people. It was prepared soil which he scattered the seed upon in that meeting. The events of the day had been working up to a grand climax, and the time had now arrived for its consummation. Knitted brows proclaimed thoughtful contemplation of the General's burning words. As contemplation gave way to serious consideration hearts fell between open palms in the same manner that tender plants wilt and wither beneath the scorching breath of a tropical wind.

We thank God for honest hearts in that meeting—men and women who were made to understand that God abhors sin as Nature abhors a vacuum, and that there would be no eternity of bliss for those who died with the stain of sin upon their garments, accompanied as this understanding was with his logical and only

proper outcome—the mercy seat.

Before the doxology was sung, after a period of hailing in the net with captures of varied nationality and walk in life enclosed, hearts were warmed, hands clapped and harder-etched waves over that decidedly heavenly spectacle, a well-lined penitent form, re-filled again and again.

We unhesitatingly pronounce the AUDITORIUM meeting superlative in every possible way. It will stand comparison with the very best demonstrations of like character at New York and Toronto.

Crowds? Immense. Sympathy? Good. Liberal outpouring? Finances? Good. Enthusiasm? Towering. The General found it extremely difficult to tear himself away from the clamorous crowd who gathered around him after the last prayer had been offered and the last note sung—gathered around the great leader of the Salvation Army as they gathered around men of God in apostolic times to catch the inspiration of personal contact with a man who in a living exemplification of the truth he expounds with such marvelous power.

The magnificent Auditorium, glorious in its rich coloring of red and gold, its wonderful frescoes, its archways of electric bulbs, filled with a dense crowd of leading citizens come to do honor to General William Booth, was an eloquent sermon in itself. It was a grand testimony to the position which the General occupies upon the pedestal of popular appreciation in the great city of Chicago. It has fallen to the lot of a few men to receive a greater tribute of deference and respect from Chicagoans than has been laid at the feet of the General upon this occasion. Not only may it be said that the garland of the heart's true love of his own beloved officers and soldiers has been presented to the General here, but the unstinted praise of men of the world—past masters in the professions and in the sciences and philosophies of life.

Complaints of lack of room were heard on every hand. The unfortunate knew the kind of treat they were missing, and grumbled as if their future peace of mind were in danger of extinction if they departed without hearing the General.

The first song having been disposed of, the Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan, one of the forty vice-presidents of the meeting, uttered a prayer of gratitude to God for the Salvation Army, for His servant the General, and for her now glorified, once the General's life-companion and helpmeet, Cath-

line Booth, not neglecting to ask for a present and lasting blessing upon every person present at the meeting.

The Commander's interesting introduction of the Hon. Ferdinand W. Peck, the chairman of the occasion, was a bright bit of oratory, the Commander, after relating a strikingly humorous story, referring to the honorable gentleman as "that consistent and constant friend of the Salvation Army," who, in the regretted illness of the Governor of Illinois, had so kindly consented to act as chairman. In connection with his duties at the recent Paris Exposition Mr. Peck had had an opportunity of looking beneath the surface of the vortex of misery which had given existence to the Salvation Army, and he had manifested his interest in the organization in many ways. He therefore had great and unqualified pleasure in introducing him to that magnificent audience. (Cheers.)

Mr. Peck's popularity was vouched for by the hearty THE HON. greetings which accompanied the utterance FERDINAND of his name. The hon- W. PECK. orable gentleman

spoke of the marvelous growth of the Army since its birth thirty-seven years ago, stating that it had grown in spite of violent prejudice and ridicule, that it brought peace and good-will to men, and had taught the world that "kind hearts are more than coronets." Mr. Peck closed his address amid great applause by introducing the General as the illustrious founder of the Army, the man who is loved and revered throughout the entire world.

The General's gigantic ovation has already been spoken of. After a second edition of the thunderous din had spent itself, the General drew himself to his full height, and with clasped hands behind his back poured forth upon his great crowd of auditors a word-current of picturesque and irresistible language concerning the rise, inception, growth, and success of the Salvation Army, which, with the resistless strength of a tidal wave, swept before it all misconceived ideas and half-truths and every vestige of inherited prejudice which it encountered.

The General spoke for about two hours, without interruption or impediment, and could the people have had their way, they would undoubtedly have had the meeting continue for at least another hour. After the collection had been taken a beautiful, thrilling love-trIBUTE to the General was voiced by the Consul on behalf of the many hundreds of Salvationists present. The Consul's eulogy was of the heart as well as the head. The effect of her closing remarks will surely be lasting. Heaven seemed near when the words came from her lips: "Forgive an apparent selfishness, General, if we have sometimes thought that you might spend the evening of your life beneath the shadows of this country's vast possibilities."

The General was naturally much affected. His delight at the entire proceedings was easily noticeable. Managing at last to make himself heard, he proposed and humorously seconded a vote of thanks to Mr. Peck for his able presidency, which, of course, was carried amid rounds of applause. The great audience crowded to the front, getting as near the General as possible. Those who were near enough to secure a handshake were the envy of their fellows. When, finally, the General managed to break away, he was followed to his cab by a crowd of sympathizers, anxious for a last glimpse of the venerable man whose noble efforts have done so much toward the world's betterment.

A pathetic sight was that of an aged lady, ninety years old, piloted by her grand-daughter, herself a person of about twenty-five, who came all the way from Austin to see and hear the General, whom she evidently held in the highest esteem.

Speaking disinterestedly, we give it as our opinion that the Chicago campaign is, by the unutterable goodness of God, away ahead of even the high expectations that had been formed concerning it, and Colonel Sowton, Brigadier Damon, and officers and comrades of the Province, are to be cordially congratulated upon the very excellent results that have been secured.—Lieut.-Colonel Cox.

OUR BOOMERS' HONOR ROLL

Benign Arab—The Smiling Cadets
Put in an Appearance at Last—
The Winnipeg Wonder at It
Again—Mag and Newfound-
land Behind in the Race—
Skagway Ahoy!

Arab looks as benign as in the olden time. He "hears his blushing honours" with becoming grace. No lesteed! A thing of beauty and a joy forever, surely!

With lots of sunny smiles, the Cadets appear amongst us this week. I hope they will make themselves right at home. We're quite a "home-bird" lot, and are noted for making others feel the same way. Welcome, Cadets!

Ah, ha! That Winnipeg Wonder can laugh at even her nearest competitor. She's out of sight! I don't think I could do any better myself. Please don't laugh, for in my day I was quite a boomer.

Alas, poor Max! She's away at the end of the bunch of runners this week. We shall eagerly expect a change for the better, or there will be a funeral service soon.

Time was when Newfoundland could easily outdistance both the North-West and Pacific Provinces. Now they are behind both. Time works wonders. Still, Newfoundland has some good stuff, and you can never prophesy defeat with any degree of confidence.

We are confidently expecting that Ensign Darrach, who goes into Skagway, I hear, will do as well in the booming line as did her predecessor. That Alaskan city is good ground for "Cry" selling, Ensign.

The tip-top hustlers this week are
Lieut. Croser, Winnipeg, 445;
Lieut. Moore, Sydney, 275; Capt. Greavett, Hamilton, 250; J. Lidstone, Glace Bay, 210.

Eastern Province.

130 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Moore, Sydney	275
J. Lidstone, Glace Bay	210
P.S.-M. Cashin, Halifax	165
Mrs. Adj. Byers, Charlottetown	157
Sergt. Velnot, Halifax II.	147
Sergt. Rafuse, Halifax I.	147
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, N. Sydney	140
Capt. Redmond, Somerset	130
P.S.-M. McQueen, Moncton	117
Lieut. Corium, St. John I.	111
Lieut. Ogilvie, Carleton	110
Lieut. Ritchie, Yarmouth	101
Sergt. Bahman, Halifax	100
Lieut. Ginnivan, St. John II.	100
Mrs. Adj. Crichton, Hamilton	100
Sergt. Flood, Hamilton	100
Ensign Carter, New Glasgow	100
Capt. Murthorough, St. John V.	95
Adj. Byers, Charlottetown	93
Mrs. Ensign Knight, St. John I.	92
Capt. Hebb, Hamilton	90
Mrs. Adj. Cooper, Fredericton	85
Capt. Tatem, Moncton	85
Adj. Cooper, Fredericton	80
Mrs. Adj. Hunter, St. George's	76
Sister Brewer, Halifax I.	76
Mrs. Carter, New Glasgow	75
Lieut. Nugent, St. George's	75
Capt. Wyatt, Westville	75
Lieut. Bruce, Westville	75
C.-C. Bishop, Woodstock	70
Mrs. Ena. Thompson, St. John III.	70
Capt. Payne, St. George's	70
Sergt. Jennings, St. George's	70
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	70
Capt. Leadley, Chatham	65
Adj. Williams, Springhill	65
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	65
Lieut. White, Truro	60
Lieut. Thistle, Bridgewater	60
Capt. Bhsary, Truro	60

Capt. Martin, Windsor	60
Capt. Green, Louisburg	55
Mrs. Capt. Hudson, Dominion	55
Lieut. Gillbank, Fairville	55
Sergt. Peckwood, St. George's	55
Lieut. Weakley, Liverpool	55
Capt. March, Liverpool	55
Capt. McWilliams, St. Stephen	55
Capt. Smith, Campbellton	50
Lieut. Newell, Sydney Mines	50
Adj. Wiggins, Yarmouth	50
Lieut. Conrad, Sussex	50
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	50
Cadet A. McKewey, St. John III.	50
Sergt. Selig, Halifax I.	50
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	50
Lieut. McKim, Kentville	50
Lieut. McLennan, Bear River	45
Capt. Clark, Sackville	45
Lieut. Melkie, Whiteley	45
Capt. Clark, Whitney	45
Capt. Tiller, Newcastle	40
Cand. Smith, Campbellton	40
Sergt. Danie, Glace Bay	40
Ensign Parsons, North Sydney	40
P. S.-M. Ward, Charlottetown	40
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	40
Sergt. Jones, Halifax	40
Mrs. Matthews, New Glasgow	40
Lieut. Parsons, Sackville	40
Sergt. Dodge, Hamilton	40
C.-C. Turner, St. John V.	40
S.-M. Kent, Bear River	40
Sergt. Taylor, Truro	40
Adj. Scott, Sarnia	40
Sergt. Church, Hamilton	40
Lieut. Haugen, North Head	40
Capt. White, North Head	40
Capt. Pemberton, Annapolis	40
Capt. Mercer, Annapolis	40
Sergt. England, Chatham	40
Sergt. Pelley, Chatham	40
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor	40
Capt. Leham, Sydney Mines	40
Lieut. Newell, Sydney Mines	40
Sergt. Tili, Fredericton	40

West Ontario Province.

82 Hustlers.

Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	140
Mrs. Major Cooper, Brantford	132
Lieut. Yeomans, Petrolia	125
Mrs. Omar Nicol, Sarnia	120
Miss Emma McDougall, Goderich	100
Capt. Williams, Wallaceburg	90
S.-M. Tremblay, Listowel	85
Annie O'Donnell, Galt	85
Mrs. Richards, Galt	85
Capt. Fenbacy, St. Thomas	80

J.S. S.-M. Southworth, Tremford	30
Capt. Woods, Essex	30
Lieut. Thompson, Essex	27
Lieut. Dickson, St. Thomas	25
Adj. Scott, Sarnia	25
C.-C. Nellie Brown, Bothwell	25
Capt. Carr, Bothwell	25
Lieut. Anderson, Bothwell	25
Adj. Cameron, Chatham	25
Mrs. Adj. McHarg, Guelph	25
Lottie Christner, Petrolia	25
Dad Christner, Dresden	25
Rose Mills, Dresden	25
Mrs. Cable, Stratford	25
Mrs. Capt. Hancock, Stratford	25
Sec. Dreisinger, Hespeler	20
Capt. Yeomans, Woodstock	20
J. A. Jordan, Chatham	20
Mrs. Keeler, Chatham	20
Mrs. Glasser, Chatham	20
Mrs. Sharp, Tilsonburg	20
C.-C. Mabel Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Capt. Sharp, Tilsonburg	20
Mrs. Capt. Cook, Hespeler	20
Mrs. Hook, Hespeler	20
Capt. Bradt, Seaforth	20
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	20
S.-M. Graham, Thamesville	20
Mrs. Welsby, Delhi	20
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter	20

Central Ontario Province.

74 Hustlers.

Capt. Greavett, Hamilton	250
Sergt. Matheson, Sudbury	150
Capt. Griffith, Owen Sound	116
Lieut. Crocker, Sault Ste. Marie	100
Lieut. Clark, Dovercourt	85
Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	80
Capt. Carwardine, Newmarket	75
S.-M. Stundon, BrschrIDGE	70
Sergt. Moffit, Riverside	65
Lieut. Welsby, Uxbridge	63
Capt. M. Stephens, Collingwood	62
Lieut. M. Porter, Collingwood	61
Sister Shordcutt, Esther St.	60
Lieut. Huggin, Hamilton II.	57
Sergt. Slater, Barrie	56
P. S.-M. Small, St. Catharines	55
Lieut. Currie, Gravenhurst	55
Ensign Smith, Barrie	53
Capt. Hart, Aurora	50
Cand. Nellie Glewille, Bowmanville	50
Capt. Meader, North Bay	50
Lieut. Porter, North Bay	50
Lieut. Jago, Yorkville	45
Ensign Hyde, Riverside	45
Capt. Oke, Meaford	45
Lieut. Courtmanche, Meaford	45
Mrs. Ensign Hanna, St. Catharines	44
Ensign Lott, Dundas	43
Sister Coen, Everett	40
Ensign Hanna, St. Catharines	40
Capt. Cubbert, Orangeville	40
Lieut. Jones, Orangeville	40
Lieut. Minnis, Riverside	40
Capt. Brooks, Sturgeon Falls	38
Lieut. Stickle, Sturgeon Falls	38
S.-M. Woolrich, Parry Sound	35
J. McLennan, Parry Sound	35
Capt. Fynn, Brampton	35
P. S.-M. Donaldson, Lippincott	35
Lieut. Jago, Yorkville	35
Capt. Kivell, Yorkville	35
Bro. Bramley, Hamilton II.	35
Lieut. Smith, St. Catharines	35
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	35
Sergt. Mr. Phillips, Ligar St.	32
Ensign Sherwin, Midland	30
Capt. Huskinson, Midland	30
Capt. Marskell, Esther St.	30
Lieut. Sheppard, Barrie	30
Sergt. Pullbrook, Barrie	30
Ensign Stalger, Lindsay	28
Capt. Howcroft, Lindsay	28
Capt. Nelson, Kilmount	27
Lieut. Warren, Kilmount	27
Capt. McCann, Burk's Falls	25
Lieut. Dauberville, Burk's Falls	25
C.-C. Miller, Burk's Falls	25
Lieut. Agnew, Brampton	25
S.-M. Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St.	25
S.-M. Mrs. Stewart, Ligar St.	25
S.-M. McHenry, Ligar St.	25
Adj. Balo, Ligar St.	25
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	20
Bro. Helson, Lindsay	20
Capt. J. Marshall, Brooklyn	20
S.-M. Boyer, Bracebridge	20
Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood	20
Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Bowmanville	20
Lily Case, Hamilton I.	20
Bro. Boyer, Bracebridge	20
Allice Bhsary, Lippincott	20
Alma Clark, Lippincott	20
Sister Hutchison, Esther St.	20

The War Cry in the Western Dance Halls.

Mother Hooker, of Spokane, says: "Through selling the War Cry in saloons and dance halls I have had the joy of seeing two girls (sisters) leave the life of sin and shame they were living, and going back to their home. A poor girl in a dance hall in W— bought a War Cry from me on a Saturday night, and three days later came to me with tears in her eyes, saying, 'You remember selling me that War Cry on Saturday night? Well, I had no sooner taken that religious paper in my hand than I began to think of church, of home, and mother, and I went at once to my room and cried all night, and I have not been happy a moment since.' I pleaded with her to give up sin and turn to God, and saw her several times during the next two or three weeks, till finally she and her sister, who was living the same kind of a life there, became so miserable that they wrote to their mother telling her that if she would forgive them they would go back home and quit the life they were living for ever."

No sooner had the letter been received by the mother in her home in a distant coast city, than she took the train and came as quickly as possible to the place where her girls were, and had the joy of returning to her home with both her erring but repentant daughters. Saved through the War Cry."

Facts like the above are the best answer to those who say that the Western Dance Hall is an unfit place for our Army sisters to go with the War Cry—Staff-Capt. Taylor.

Lieut. Rodland, St. Stephen	40
Capt. Hamilton, Summerside	35
Lieut. Barnard, Summerside	35
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	35
Sergt. Cook, Springhill	32
Ensign Lorimer, Parrsboro	30
Lieut. Elliot, Newcastle	30
Lieut. Legge, Campbellton	30
Capt. Murrough, Canby	30
Lieut. Whales, Canby	25
Sergt. Pitt, Springhill	25
Capt. Long, Halifax IV.	25
Sergt. Marshall, Digby	25
Mrs. Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	30
Mrs. Gregory, Fredericton	30
S.-M. Chase, Fredericton	30
Mrs. Snow, Halifax II.	30
Capt. Jarvis, Halifax II.	30
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	20
Lieut. McKay, Houlton	30
A. Laybolt, Bridgetown	30
E. Ramie, Bridgetown	30
Capt. McCachern, Kentville	30
Capt. B. Green, Louisburg	26
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	25
Mrs. Snow, Moncton	25
Sergt. Harwick, St. Stephen	25
Capt. Netting, Windsor	25
Cand. Sharpam, Windsor	25
Lieut. Cavender, Bridgetown	25
Lieut. H. White, Louisburg	25
Capt. Hudson, Dominion	25
S.-M. Jefferson, Annapolis	25
Sergt. Quinn, Glace Bay	25
Capt. McDonald, Digby	25
Cadet Learn, Digby	25
Capt. Jones, Bridgewater	25
Capt. Anderson, St. John I.	24
Lieut. Strothard, Freeport	23
Mrs. Beck, Windsor	80
F. S.-M. Dickson, St. Thomas	75
Mrs. H. Lindsay, Stratford	75
Mrs. Burton, Stratford	75
Mrs. Butts, London	75
Mrs. Kerswell, London	75
Capt. Malsey, Brantford	75
Ensign Erchant, Woodstock	65
P. S.-M. Schuster, Berlin	65
Maggie Wisson, Simcoe	65
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Wingham	60
Sarah Wakefield, Forest	55
Calista Syver, St. Thomas	55
Sister S. Livermore, Berlin	55
Mother Cutting, Essex	50
Sec. McDonald, Wingham	50
Capt. Dowell, Wingham	50
Capt. Pattenden, Palmerston	50
Capt. Kitchen, Simcoe	50
Mrs. Glover, Dresden	50
C.-C. Grace Cooper, Brantford	49
Emma Collier, Watford	45
Lieut. Davis, Wallaceburg	45
Capt. Baxter, Blenheim	40
Capt. Hogan, Clinton	40
Capt. L. Pattenden, Palmarson	40
Lieut. Cook, Galt	40
Capt. Pickle, Galt	40
Lieut. McCall, Ridgeway	35
Capt. Harman, Ridgeway	35
Capt. Coy, Goderich	35
Sister Bryson, Petrolia	35
Mrs. Britton, Stratford	35
Capt. Hancock, Stratford	35
Capt. Jordan, Berlin	35
Lizkie Garalde, London	30
Bella Beach, London	30
Miss Sadie Irwin, Paris	30
Capt. Horwood, Paris	30
Capt. Snowbridge, Ingersoll	30
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	30
Illie Duckworth, Hespeler	30

North-West Province.

43 Hustlers.

Lieut. Croser, Winnipeg	
Lieut. Fleming, Brandon	
Lieut. Papsteln, Jamestown	
Sergt. Scott, Winnipeg	
Mrs. Ena. Stalger, Port A.	
Capt. McKay, Moorhead	
Ensign Hayes, Fargo	
Lieut. Eastman, Fargo	
Lieut. Karns, Minot	
Lieut. Irwin, Edmonton	
Lieut. Cook, Medicine Hat	
Capt. Charlton, Portage la	
Mrs. Ensign Wilkins, Gran	
Capt. Lloyd, Grand Forks	
Mrs. Capt. Gilm, Calgary	
Lieut. Miller, Valley City	
Capt. Hahkirk, Fort Wills	
Ensign Green, Lethbridge	
Lieut. McLaren, Devils L.	
Lieut. Pearce, Moose Jaw	
Capt. Haugen, Prince Albe	
Capt. Askin, Souris	
Capt. Myers, Devil's Lake	
Capt. Anderson, Edmonton	
Lieut. Nuttall, Larimore	
Lieut. Lawford, Carman	
C.-C. Johnson, Bismarck	
Capt. Elliott, Grafton	
Capt. Swain, Selkirk	
Lieut. Timsan, Dauphin	
Lieut. Gardner, Moosomin	
Lieut. Wiley, Regina	
S.-M. Halford, Winnipeg	
Capt. Brander, Regina	
Capt. Flaws, Fort William	
Capt. Osenrider, Carberry	
Lieut. Custer, Lethbridge	
Sergt. Montgomery, Wank	
Sergt. Burrows, Morden	
Adj. Hayes, Medicine Hat	
Capt. Walruth, Victoria	
Lieut. Rankin, Emerson	
Mrs. St. John, Minnedosa	

Pacific Province.

39 Hustlers.

Lieut. Sutherland, Whatcom	
Capt. Hurst, Butte	
Cadet Knudson, Butte	
Capt. Walruth, Victoria	
Sister Wright, Victoria	
Ensign Southall, Greenwood	
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Missoula	
Sergt. Terryberry, Vancouver	
Adj. Yarex, Helena	
Mrs. Hooker, Wallace	
Capt. Stevens, New Westmi	
Lieut. Lewis, Helena	
Mrs. Treas. Brown, Nelson	
Adj. Stevens, Vancouver	
Cadet McQuerry, Billings	
Mrs. Adj. Nelson, Rosinad	
Capt. Galt, Billings	
Ensign Scott, Everett	
Capt. Charlton, Vancouver	
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Lewist	
Sister Coen, Everett	
Cadet McCormick, Revelstok	
Cadet Robinson, Livingston	
Capt. Heater, Livingston	
Cadet Brett, Nainaimo	
Capt. Johnston, Nainaimo	
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Nelson	
Capt. Jackson, Lewiston	
Capt. Miller, Revelstoke	
Bather Glen, Vancouver	
Lieut. McDonald, Mt. Vernon	
Cadet Massey, Victoria	
Capt. Shanley, Dillon	
Sergt. Uren, Rosinad	
Sister Bushnell, Spokane	
Sister Allen, Missoula	
Adj. Blackburn, Nelson	
Florie Pogue, Nelson	
Sergt. McCormick, Spokane	

Newfoundland Province.

36 Hustlers.

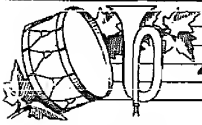
Sergt. Whitten, St. John's I.	
Capt. Ritchie, St. John's I.	
Sergt. Mrs. J. Harris, St. John's I.	
Nellie Rose, Grand Bank	
Lieut. McCall, St. John's I.	
Mrs. Newman, Twillingate	
Bro. Peckham, St. John's I.	
Lieut. Snow, St. John's I.	
Lieut. Hillier, Dildo	
Lieut. Blackmore, Till Cove	
S.-M. Blackmore, Pilley's Isl.	
Lieut. Palmer, St. John's I.	
S.-M. Bennett, Portuon	
Lieut. Snow, Channell	
Sergt. J. Ash, Harbor Grace	
S.-M. Ash, Carbonear	
Capt. Bages, St. John's I.	
Lieut. White, St. John's I.	
C.-C. S. Manuel, St. John's I.	
J. S.-M. Adey, Clarendville	
Elsie Abbott, Doting Cove	
Lieut. Harding, Bar Robert	
Lieut. Lock, Clark's Beach	

Directions for Execution of Will.

The Will must be executed by the Testator in the presence of two witnesses, who must take to him together when he is competent, and who must sign their names, addresses and occupation on the same page at the end of the Will. The Testator must also sign the Will, and the witnesses must sign the Will after the Testator has signed the Will. The executed property is, for all purposes, the property of the Testator. The Testator must sign the Will and tell the witnesses that he wants them to be witnesses to it, and the witnesses must sign the Will in each other's presence, and before the Testator. The Will must be signed by the Testator.

The Commissioner will always be pleased to provide full advice for any friends desiring to benefit the Anti-Cancer Society, and will treat any suggestions made to her with the greatest consideration and will be glad to be of service to all.

Letters dealing with the subject should be marked private and addressed to COMMISSIONER F. L. BROWN & Co. Temperance Building, Toronto, Ontario.



Songs and Solos of the Week

BE AT PEACE.

By LIEUT. FOLEY.

Tune.—Annie Laurie.

1 Would you know the true enjoy-
ment

Of a life at peace with God,
A heart set free from sinning,
A soul for heaven bound?
You can have this peace just now,
If you're willing to obey.
The voice of our loving Saviour
Says, "Come, and follow Me."

You say your sins are many,
Your life's been dark and vile.
Can it be true there's mercy
For one so full of guilt?
Yes, Jesus loves you still,
He died on Calvary
To complete a full redemption
For all eternity.

Jesus only is your refuge
From the awful curse of sin;
He will take away your heartaches,
And place His peace within.
He waits to- night to greet
The last ones coming home,
So full of love and pity,
How can you longer roam?

Then come while He is calling,
Come, whoever will,
And prove with those who've ventured
That each promise He'll fulfil.
The time is passing by,
And the judgment's drawing nigh.
Oh, give your heart to Jesus,
And reign with Him on high.

EXPENSE.

By MARY FURNESS, Orillia.

Tune.—Happy day, happy day.

2 While sitting in an Army hall,
My heart was black and vile
With sin;
The Captain sang those touching
words
Which made my eyes somehow turn
dim.

Chorus.

Happy day, happy day

I knelt before the Lord that night,
And asked Him to forgive the past;
He washed me in His precious blood,
And now I'll follow to the last.

Now I am His and He is mine,
He saved me and forgave my sins;
His love is more than tongue can tell,
My heart is glad and I can sing:

THE GLORIOUS CITY.

By S. CHURCH, St. George's, Ber.

Tune.—Old rustic bridge.

3 I was thinking one night
Of my soul's home, so bright,
And I seemed to see my kindred
waiting there;
Of every nation, every tongue,
They stood before the throne,
A palm of victory in their hands they
bear.

Chorus.

The light of God was shining,
And from the throne the living waters
flowed;
All the people gladly sang,
Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who died to bring us to this blest
abode.

There I saw 'midst the throng,
Those who journeyed along,
Th' Army way that leads to light
and life;
They counted all as loss,
And gloried in the cross,
And reached the land where ended all
their strife.

There I saw companions dear,
Who had fought well down here,
And had shouted Hallelujah on
the way;

No more hunger, no more thirst,
No more sorrow, no more curse,
For the pearly gates are open all the
day.

Should ye be on ruin's road,
I entreat you now to hold,
For Jesus waits to freely pardon you.
Come along and go with me,
That city fair to see,
And very soon its glories we shall
view.

Last Chorus.

For the light of God is shining,
And from the throne the living waters
flow;
All the people gladly sing,
Hallelujah to their King.
Oh, say, my brother won't you go?

Pharaoh hardened much his heart,
With God's people would not part,
Though the Lord sent Moses down
to set them free.
Joshua came and joined the band,
Led them to the promised land;
Pharaoh and his hosts were drown-
ed in the Red Sea.

See the Gideonites by night,
With their pitchers and a light,
Marching forth to make the stub-
born rebels yield.
'Twas the men of humble mind
Who had left their all behind,
Taking full possession of the battle
field.

When trials and pain do our pathway
obscure,
And winds of temptation blow cold
on life's moor,
How oft would we falter or fall by
the way
Unless God supplied us the grace for
each day.

When fierce grows the battle for God
and the right,
And Satan assails us in onslaughts of
might,
How then could we stand for our God
in the fray
Unless He supplied us the grace for
each day?

When gathered the sheaves and our
labor all done,
Our last battle fought and the victory
won,
With hearts overflowing we'll rever-
ently say
Our God has supplied us the grace
for each day.

JESUS MY CROSS AND CROWN.

By S. SMITH, Medicine Hat.

Tune.—If the cross we boldly (B.J.
63).

6 I have a Saviour up in Heaven,
Who came on earth to die;
To suffer death on Calvary's tree
He laid His glory by.

Chorus.

If the cross we boldly bear,
Then the crown we shall wear
When we dwell with Jesus there
in the bright forevermore.

Low in a manger He was born,
He came of humble birth;
To suffer death for you and me
He came down to this earth.

He is the One who saved me from
The power and guilt of sin;
He keeps me steadfast day by day,
And peace now reigns within.

The Father, Son and Holy Ghost—
These three are all in One
And we have peace and joy and rest
In Christ, God's only Son.

Then let us all praise Him who died
This sinful world to free;
And praise Him for His wondrous love
Through all eternity.

MY BOY, COME BACK TO MOTHER.

By WM. RITCHIE, Toronto.

Tune.—When the pearly gates unfold
(B.J. 149).

7 I'm sad to-night, and lonely,
And my heart is sick with fear.
For I know the wily tempter
is winning my boy, so dear;
And the lips I have been teaching
To whisper words of prayer,
By sin are now polluted,
And stained by wine and beer.

Chorus.

My boy, come back to mother,
Her heart goes out to you,
And her love is still as tender,
As when first its care you knew.

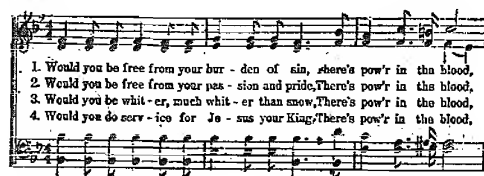
He says the world is moving,
And I am out of date,
My very pious notions
Are twenty years too late;
But, oh, I wish, with weeping,
For the older days now gone,
When manhood found its treasure
in the good old Book alone.

From the wine, and cards, and dan-
cing,
And wrongs that are up-to-date,
I pray for my boy's deliverance
Before it will be too late.
For these vile temptations of Satan,
Though clothed in decent dress,
They draw my boy from Jesus,
And make his soul transgress.

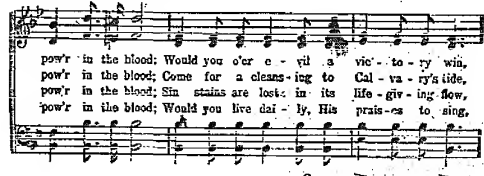
There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. H.

L. E. Jones.

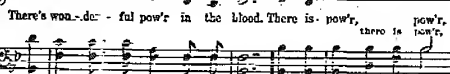


1. Would you be free from your bur- den of sin, there's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pes- sion and pride, there's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit- er, much whit- er than snow, there's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv- ice for Je- sus your King, there's pow'r in the blood.

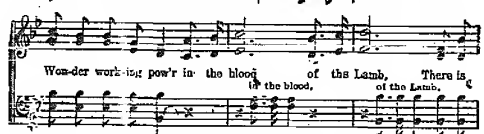


pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e- vil a vic- to- ry win,
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans- ing to Cal- va- ry's side,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life- giv- ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai- ly, His pris- on to sing,

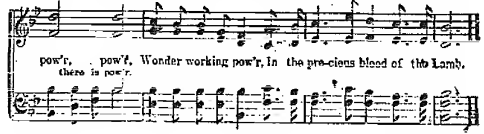
Chorus.



There's won- der- ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, there is pow'r,



Won- der work- ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
of the blood, of the Lamb,



pow'r, pow'r, Wonder working pow'r in the pre- cious blood of the Lamb,
there is pow'r.

TRAMP, TRAMP.

By COLONEL LAWRIE.

Tune.—Shout, the boys are marching.

4 Round the walls of Jericho,
Blowing ram's horns as we go,
Anything we'll gladly do for
Jesus' sake.
Though the walls are high and strong,
They shall fall, and that ere long;
Every stronghold for our King we
mean to take.

Chorus.

Crash, crash, crash, the walls are
falling;
Crash, crash, crash, for this we've
striven;
We will blow another blast,
Each one louder than the last;
We'll keep fighting till Beelzebub
is driven.

GRACE FOR EACH DAY.

WM. RITCHIE, Toronto.

Tune.—Come join our Army, or,
Marching along.

5 How oft in our journey we trem-
blingly gaze
Far out on the future of mystery
and haze,
Our hearts filled with fear and our
souls with dismay,
Forgetting that grace is supplied for
each day.

Chorus.

Grace for each day, grace for each
day,
The Lord will supply us the grace for
each day;
His Word has the promise, it stand-
eth for aye,
That He will supply us the grace for
each day.

NEXT WEEK THE

WA
AND OFFICIAL GAZE

19th Year. No. 11.

DOUBT.

What a destroyer doubt is! It is only questions what faith has ac-
ed, but it sets at work all the fac-
of the mind to prove its doubt
founded. Doubt prejudices the mi-
which is ever seeking to justify its
not by impartial investigation, but

